

OLD SALEM
NORTH CAROLINA

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N O R T H C A R O L I N A

OLD SALEM
NORTH CAROLINA

Edited by

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THE GARDEN CLUB OF NORTH CAROLINA

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FOREWORD

SINCE THE TURN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THERE HAS BEEN increasing appreciation of historical centers in the United States. We have found greater interest among our people in the way our nation has come to be what it is today.

America, a land of variety, made up of many social groups, presents no uniform pattern. It is truly "E Pluribus Unum," one out of many, and we do not understand ourselves today without consideration of the colorful and varied background.

Notable efforts have been made to contribute to the understanding of our social development. Mr. Ford has assembled a remarkable collection of antiquities in his village in Michigan; Mr. Rockefeller has restored Williamsburg; Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston, St. Augustine, New Orleans, and a score of other cities have seized opportunity to safeguard buildings and collections of antiquities that reveal the manner of living in earlier days.

In Winston-Salem we consider ourselves fortunate, not only in having a history worthy of record, but also in having preserved so much that helps to tell the story.

To make the story of our distinctive contribution better known, The Garden Club of North Carolina has made possible the compilation of this volume, whereby customs, ideals and manner of living in this community, as revealed in its earlier development, are set forth for the reader of today.

This book does not tell the whole story, but it does reveal much that brings us in intimate association with our predecessors.

This publication appears appropriately in the year of the 175th anniversary of the founding of our city.

DOUGLAS L. RIGHTS
President Wachovia Historical Society

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SALEM

AHILE THE ONCE QUIET, TREE-SHADED STREETS, AND flagstone sidewalks of old Salem have yielded to modern paving and teeming traffic, many of the original buildings of old world architecture are still in use, though not the use for which they were designed. These speak of community life, and peaceful ways, and simple tastes little known in the stress and tension of today.

Salem was the central settlement of the hundred thousand acre tract purchased from Lord Granville in 1752, as a refuge for persecuted Protestants from Bohemia and Moravia, in central Europe, known as the United Brethren, and later as Moravians.

The town was definitely planned, the streets and their widths were designated on a map, together with the placing of the various buildings, thus showing that this primitive community was among the first in the country to adopt a city plan. As early as 1785 a fire engine was imported from Europe, having leather buckets, and operated by hand.

The first log house was occupied on February 19, 1766, and on the following day the town "Square" was laid out. Around this were grouped the church, the Female Academy, the Sisters' House, the Brothers' House and the Boys' School. A little way down the street was the Tavern. All of these buildings are in good preservation, and in use today, showing with what care and pains-taking workmanship the builders wrought. It was natural that these community houses should be reminiscent of the homeland, particularly the Sisters' and the Brothers' Houses. While built flush with the street, each owned considerable land in the rear, with well cultivated gardens, where even today a few lonely stars of Bethlehem speak of hands that have long been dust, that planted and tended them. At the far end of the Brothers' House garden was a spring and a stone spring house, whence each brother was required to fetch his own milk and water for meals. Cornwallis' soldiers are said to have drunk from this spring on their visit to Salem.

In the Sisters' House garden a summer house was placed among the flower beds, and here the sisters took their knitting, and enjoyed their afternoon coffee together. The Sisters' House is now a part of the adjacent college, and the Brothers' House serves as the Moravian Church Home.

The old grey church, however, is still the house of worship, and the building of so commodious a church in that day, when the congregation numbered less than two hundred, proves the vision of the pioneers.

The college next door, has evolved from the Female Academy of more than a hundred years ago; and the Boys' School on the corner has become a unit of the Wachovia Historical Society.

The Tavern also is well preserved, though built in 1784, replacing an earlier one destroyed by fire. Many and fascinating are the tales emanating from these venerable brick walls, and some distinguished feet have paced the wide floor boards.

These Moravians were a frugal and industrious people, and their homes were very simple, though comfortable withal, and happy with hospitable firesides, as in the Old Chimney House illustrated in a later article.

Though all those who wrought in the early days have long been gone, their influence still lives, and an atmosphere not found elsewhere still pervades the echoing old hallways and the shadowy garden paths.

MARY B. OWEN





A typical hooded Doorway

BUILDERS OF OLD SALEM

"COME WITH ME AND TELL ME THE STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF Old Salem," said one of America's foremost architects, some years ago.

"Gladly," I replied, "but I suggest that you tell me, first, some of your observations. It may give direction to what I shall say."

Then, all intent to hear what he had to say, I listened as he gave me first impressions of my native town, through the eyes of an artist of high standing.

"A community of rare charm," he said. "Not another town which 'just happened'; not one which sprang up around a cross-roads store, of which America has so many. A town with a purpose back of it, I would say; not built haphazardly but after careful planning and by men of culture and remarkable craftsmanship. Simplicity with stability! Large institutional buildings remarkable for the period in which they were built and the limited resources of the time. Attractive dwellings, too, blending in general architectural features, but carrying an air of individuality. Colonial design, a sort of Georgian Colonial, generally speaking, yet not just that. There are characteristics all its own. Moravian Colonial would be more exact. A community with a distinctive atmosphere, the kind one wants to know more about."

"That accounts for my question. Who were those Moravians? What was their background? Why did they come to North Carolina? Let me hear something of their story."

So I told him the story, as we sat together under the shade of ancient trees on the campus of Salem College, much as I now tell it again.

They were a deeply religious people, those Moravians, and predominantly, but not wholly, German. They came to America in the period of wide colonization which marked the half-century and more preceding the Revolutionary War. Their name "Moravian" was really a nickname, given to them as a body of Christians, because some of their number had come out of Moravia, a province of Austria. They were the spiritual successors of the

ancient Brethren's Church or Unitas Fratum, which flourished in Bohemia in the fifteenth century, and then spread into Moravia and Poland, and, before the Thirty Years War laid it low, numbered some 300,000 members. In those days they were known as Pioneers of Protestantism and as the Martyr Church, their organization dating from 1457 and their spiritual lineage tracing back to John Hus.

Remnants of this Church surviving the persecutions fled to Saxony. They were joined by many others, at Herrnhut, on the lands of the young Count Nicholas Lewis Zinzendorf, their spiritual life was renewed in 1727 and, five years later, their ancient Church fully organized on the basis of its former statutes lived anew.

But there was much unrest among the various groups of Christians in southern Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century. Persecution and restricted opportunity at home led many to look with yearning towards the wider and unhampered life of the New World. Awakening interest in the spread of the gospel among the Indians furnished an additional motive. So, along with other Christian bodies, it was decided that Moravians should come to the land of wide privilege and service on the west side of the Atlantic.

Count Zinzendorf arranged for their settlement in three sections of the country, in Georgia, in Pennsylvania and in North Carolina. The beginning in the last named portion took place in 1753 at Bethabara, five miles north of Winston-Salem, and the founding of Salem was on January 6, 1766. The name "Salem" means "peace" and was selected by Zinzendorf himself, because he hoped that from the beginning, peace would characterize the central town of the colony.

Carefully made plans, not altogether suited to the terraine, however, had been prepared in Herrnhut and were entrusted to those who were to make the actual beginning on the 100,000 acre tract purchased from Lord Granville of England, one of the Lords Proprietors. The settlement was to follow four distinct lines of development and service. It was to be a religious community centered around the church which was to have prominent place on the public square, together with the institutional build-



Inspector's House and Home Church, Salem Square

ings belonging to the Moravian way of life. Close beside the church, school buildings for boys and girls were to be erected, for education and religion were to go hand in hand. Then industries were to be started, and, from their proceeds money was to be gained for pressing missionary work among the Indians and for the carrying forward of the work of the Church.

Simple faith and trust in God and His Providence through the years are evidenced by the daily records carefully kept and mark the entire undertaking as a Kingdom venture entered upon for the Glory of God and the advancement of His cause. Note the diary of Monday, January 6, 1766, the day of Salem's beginning. "A dozen brethren, partly from Bethania, partly from Bethabara, took a wagon and went to the new town site where, in the afternoon, they cut down trees on the place where the first house was to stand, singing several stanzas as they worked. The text for the day was beautifully appropriate for this little beginning of building, 'I will defend this city'." (Isaiah 37:35) When the first residence was begun on June 6, the record states, "The Brn. Graff, Lorenz and Reuter went to Salem, and with the Brethren there, 18 in all, gathered about noon on the site of the first house now to be erected on the main street. Bro. Graff made a short address on the text for the day: 'I will have respect unto you and make you fruitful and multiply you and establish my covenant with you'. (Lev. 26:9). During the singing of a stanza of a hymn, Bro. Lorenz laid the foundation stone on the south side; then Bro. Graff offered an earnest prayer that the Holy Triune God would bless this building, consecrate it and guard it from harm. A spirit of grace and love pervaded the entire service." So they wrought always, through all the busy years of building, happy to account themselves "laborers together with God."

That there were master builders among them there can be no doubt. It is equally certain that there were men and women of high esthetic taste, with love for the beautiful and desire to make their homes and the community attractive as well as stable. Not a few of the men represented the best which the Old World produced, university graduates, widely traveled individuals who had had touch with the chief centers of culture. The women were skilled in the domestic arts and accomplished, not a few of them,



Rear of Inspector's House

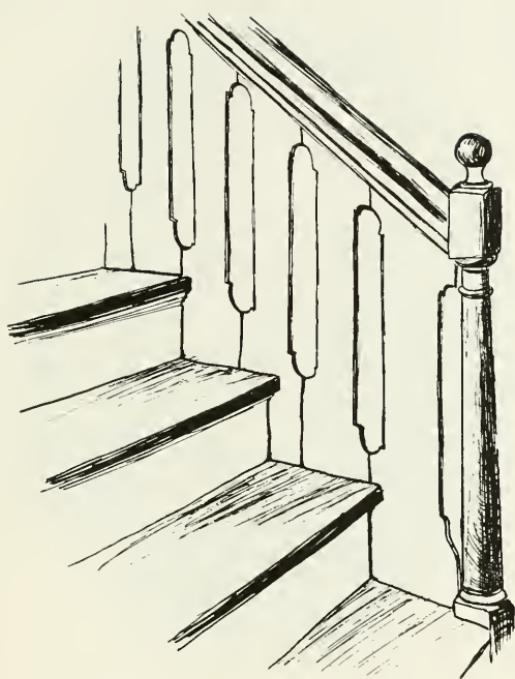
in music and painting and those skills which make both the home and its surroundings attractive. Withal, they were godly men and women, their lives dedicated to Christ and the Kingdom and ready for any service or sacrifice by which the cause might be promoted.

Outstanding among the leaders was Frederic William Marshall, often spoken of as the "founder of Salem." He bore the title of Senior Civilis and for the first period of the community's life directed its temporal affairs. He was the architect of the Church, erected in 1800, and superintended its construction, a great undertaking for that day. He served too as the head of the Board of Supervisors whose approval had to be had before any new building could be begun. There is evidence that Marshall drew the plans for all the larger buildings just as he did for the Square and streets of the town.

The first master mason was Melchior Rasp. He built the Brothers' House at the corner of Main and Academy Streets, the building which contains the large stone vaulted cellars, the wonder of modern visitors. The master carpenter was Christian Triebel, who in this same building showed such unusual skill in the wall construction.

As far as possible, the men of Salem did their own building, calling in outside help only when absolutely necessary. They made their own brick and tile too, finding suitable clay in the hills bordering the south meadow. That these builders built well is evidenced by the fact that the structures which they erected have been in continuous use through the long years and are still in excellent preservation. Where many of the older communities of state and nation are having to rebuild, Salem continues to use its original buildings.

It would be a grievous error, however, were it judged that these buildings of Old Salem, which call forth our enthusiastic admiration and delight, were the end which the builders had in view. True, they built well and enduringly, giving the best they had to the task, and in a very real way expressing, through their hands and the tools wherewith they wrought, the spirit that was in them. Yet material ends were not their goal. They built for ends far higher.



They were God-fearing men, humble followers of Jesus Christ and citizens of the Kingdom. Here in the New World where they believed themselves divinely led, they were seeking not only to exemplify the Christian way of life, but to bring others to know it, too, and accept it as their own. Here they sought the Christian purpose, the building of a community wherein righteousness would dwell. "The splendor of the spirit was their goal" and Christian character the standard of true greatness.

BISHOP J. KENNETH PFOHL, D.D.





FREDERIC WILLIAM MARSHALL

THE FOURTH HOUSE

THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD HOUSES BUILT IN SALEM ARE NO longer standing. The Fourth House, however, is a joy to behold, in its authentic restoration by the Colonial Dames of North Carolina, through the members in Winston-Salem and Forsyth County.

Situated on Main Street, the city's busiest thoroughfare, imagination must be relied upon to picture this quaint cottage as it stood in the woods, "raised" on that November day, 1767. The very same year Governor Tryon's palace was begun in New Bern!

The cost of building the first houses in Salem was borne by the Moravian Church, the property being leased or rented to individuals. Various people lived in this Fourth House till Charles Holder, the saddle-maker, married, when he leased the house, and lived there the rest of his life. It was later sold to one and another, and changes made, such as the addition of a front piazza and a dormer window.

When the Colonial Dames purchased the property, however, and decided to restore the house, the old lines were faithfully adhered to, and today it stands in its original simplicity and inviting quaintness.

A worn doorstone leads to a divided Dutch door, which once did duty on the very first house in town, and was set in place when deer roamed the neighboring woods. The heavy, wrought-iron hinges bear witness to the painstaking skill of the early Moravians, and a primitive wooden latch fastens the door. The wide floorboards were cut from heart pine, one of the most enduring of woods. The builders needed to use only the finest, for here grew the choicest primeval timber to be found in the country.

The outstanding fireplace and chimney are of the original, hand-made brick, doubtless manufactured on the premises.

A white picket fence, whose alluring little gate boasts a colonial latch, encloses the small front yard, where prim boxwoods lead to the doorway. Perhaps it was just this tidy when the saddlemaker and his bride moved in so many years ago.



The Fourth House, 450 South Main Street

THE BROTHERS' HOUSE

TWO YEARS AFTER THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE FIRST house in Salem, N. C., in 1766, the Brothers' House was begun. Upon its completion December, 1769, this building, now the Moravian Church Home, began its interesting history. Sixteen single men and four boys were the first to call this building home. They lived here with one especial purpose—that of learning a trade.

The Moravian men and boys immediately laid out a large garden with some fruit trees back of the house. The garden, extending two blocks to a rock-bottom stream, was laid off in squares. Each man tended his own square. In the northwest corner of this garden was a spring from which Cornwallis drank when he and his army passed through Salem in 1781.

In later years the Brothers' House was used as a widows' house. Later still the Moravian Church named the building the Moravian Church Home, and now single women also enjoy its quiet atmosphere. One of the very first in the distinctly Moravian settlement, this typical Salem building has been occupied by Moravians all through the years. In its lines of endeavor each person had his job, and all worked for the good of the community.

Similar to many old Salem homes, the front of the Moravian Church Home is built right at the edge of the sidewalk. Substantial walls, wide doorways, and tile roof give an atmosphere of permanence. In the rear, the two porches extending almost the width of the house remind one of the homes in the deep South.

In 1786 a brick addition was built to the Brothers' House. While helping to dig the cellar, A. Kremser was instantly killed by a cave-in of dirt. Because of his red jacket and little red cap Kremser was called The Little Red Man. The legend goes that for years the ghost of the Little Red Man appeared to many who visited the basement of the Brothers' House. He appeared to two little girls who had never heard the strange story. Finally, a visiting minister from the West Indies exorcised this familiar spirit, concluding, "Now go to your place." From that day on the Little Red Man was never seen again.



Brothers' House on Main Street, at Salem Square

The basement kitchen where the Brothers did their baking in an old-fashioned brick bake oven is especially interesting. The large hooded fireplace has been closed, but the brick furnace with three embedded iron pots, in which the Brothers cooked their vegetables, is still used. Beeswax and tallow are now melted in the Home from October to December for the candles for the Moravian Christmas candle service. The room where the candles are made was long used for the Infant School.

For many years the Brothers' Work Shop stood back of the Brothers' House. Nineteen trades were carried on in this shop, including that of making toys.

Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Pfohl, who have been living back of the Brothers' House on Academy Street since 1921, have built a beautiful garden—part of that of the Brothers. The center of the lower garden is patterned after the garden of Count Zinzen-dorf of Herrnhut, Saxony, who gave refuge to the early Moravians when persecuted because of their religion years ago.

A deodora is in the center of the circular design of boxwoods of the garden. The walks are violet-bordered. In the beds are hundreds of bulbs, old perennial favorites, roses, and fine shrubs. Miss Margaret saved every old bulb from the original garden. Ancient shrubs were saved; so, with the old-fashioned favorites there is a blending of early days of Salem with some of the newer things of the garden of today. There is an atmosphere of peace and quiet in this lovely old garden of Salem, which was tended by the Brothers over one hundred and fifty years ago.

ALGINE NEELY





Doorway of Sisters' House



Fireplace in the Brothers' House

MUSIC IN SALEM

THE DIARIES OF THE EARLY MORAVIAN SETTLERS IN WACHOVIA are full of references to music. As one reads through them, the impression that music was an important and integral part of their daily life grows stronger with every page, and almost with every entry. In the midst of establishing themselves for the night in the wilderness, they would pause for a "Singstunde," or period of worship in song. Lacking a trumpet in their new wilderness home, they proceeded to fashion one, with indefatigable labor and cunning, from the bough of a tree. When new arrivals neared the end of their long trek through the wilderness, they were greeted with the solemn tones of old chorales echoing fitfully through the forest. We read from time to time of the importing of new musical instruments from Pennsylvania, brought down along with other necessities at the cost of infinite peril and labor.

The history of music in Salem reaches back to the beginning of Protestantism in Europe. The followers of John Hus sang hymns, and Hus himself is the author and reputed composer of a number of these. The first known Protestant hymnal, dated 1505, was issued by the Unitas Fratrum. A copy of this incredibly precious book, written in the Bohemian language, and containing translations of ancient Latin hymns, as well as original hymns in the vernacular, is still preserved in Prague. When the Moravians emigrated from Bohemia to Saxony in the eighteenth century, they became associated with other Protestants on the estate of Count Zinzendorf, and were there brought into contact with the great stream of chorales which had its inception in the heart and brain of Martin Luther. Later as the church spread to England and America, other fine tunes were gradually added.

Unlike the Calvinistic branch of the Reformation, the Moravians and Lutherans had no abhorrence of the use of instruments. The organ was to them an essential part of the worship of God. We read in the church diaries of the importing and building of organs during the early years of the Wachovia settlement. The Bethabara church possessed the first of these. The second was

built in 1772 for the Salem church. The third, still in use after nearly one-hundred and seventy years of service, was built in 1773 for the Bethania church. This venerable instrument has three stops, with the corresponding three ranks of pipes. It has one manual, which in the manner of the eighteenth century harpsichord, has white sharp keys and black naturals. An extraordinarily gifted cabinet maker by the name of Bulitschek built these last two instruments. A fascinating legend has been told concerning the opening of the Bethania organ. The story goes that in Bethania there were two trained and capable organists. Naturally both of these men aspired to the honor of playing at the first service. Rivalry was keen, and the matter had to be decided by the church authorities. It is said that the defeated rival stole into the church in the gray dawn of that first Sunday morning, opened the organ, and mixed up the pipes so badly that the result at the service was a musical chaos. Historians doubt the authenticity of this incident, but as a piece of musical folklore, it has persisted up to the present day.

Even in the early days of Salem there were present in the community musicians of ability and training. One of the earliest of these has made history for Salem and for the entire United States. This was the noted Johann Friedrich Peter, who came from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to take charge of what would now be called the community music of the settlement. Peter was an accomplished composer and while at Salem he wrote the famous string quintets dated 1789, which according to Dr. Albert G. Rau, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, are probably "the earliest examples for strings, in the formal sonata-form, to have been composed in America." From internal evidence it appears that these quintets were probably written for a special group of musicians. The cello part and the second viola part are considerably easier than the other parts, a fact which would indicate that the composer was writing down to the level of less accomplished players. Dr. Rau thinks it probable that Peter himself played second viola in the ensemble, using the score instead of a second part. No second part seems to have survived. Peter organized the church music, directed the choir, and married Catherine Leinbach, a leading soprano in the church. A very precious manuscript in his hand-



*Bernard J. Pfohl has been in charge of
Salem Band for fifty-two years and has
been a member thereof for sixty-two years*

writing has been handed down through the generations of the Leinbach family, and is now preserved in the Salem College Library. It is a beautifully written copy of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach's "Geistliche Oden und Lieder," or Spiritual Odes and Songs, set to words by the great German poet, Gellert.

The Moravians at Salem, as elsewhere, have zealously guarded their musical heritage of hymns, anthems, and chorales. The chorales are constantly used today, as they have been throughout the years, not only for congregational singing, but for many other expressions of religious and community life. Every church has a band, which plays chorales on feast-days and anniversaries. Each group, or "choir" of the church has its own specially significant chorale, which serves as a kind of musical motto for its members. A beautiful custom is observed at the announcement of the death of a member of the congregation. The band climbs to the church tower and plays the special chorale which belongs to the "choir" of the deceased brother or sister. This is always preceded and followed by the playing of the great "Passion" chorale. In the old days when the community was small, the listening congregation, at work in the fields or at home, could tell from the tune whether the deceased was a married or single brother or sister, or one of the younger boys or girls. Chorales are also played by the band to announce special celebrations and festivals of the church. At the Love Feasts while coffee and buns are being served, and during other portions of the service, the congregation and choir sing an "Ode," which consists of a number of chorales, or verses from chorales, which have a definite liturgical significance for the occasion. Congregational singing in the Moravian Church has always been full and vigorous. The people feel that they are an actual part of the service. The performance of the various rituals and liturgies, some of which are quite elaborate, is therefore no mere product of a trained priesthood and a carefully rehearsed choir. From the early days of the simple "Singstunde" to the present highly developed Love Feast "Ode," congregational participation has been one of the chief features of the service.

Another distinctive part of the music in Salem is the number of traditional anthems which are sung on special church feast days



*Edward Leinbach, composer and organist.
Mrs. Leinbach, soprano soloist in the
church choir*

and anniversaries. Many of these are the work of Salem composers. These anthems are loved and reverenced by every member of the congregation. No Christmas Love Feast would be complete without the singing of "Thou Child Divine" by Schultz. At the Home Church in Salem, this anthem is always sung as the procession of "dieners" enters on each side of the choir, bearing trays of lighted candles for distribution to the people. Other anthems and hymns associated with the Christmas celebration are Francis F. Hagen's "Morning Star," Massah M. Warner's "Softly the Night is Sleeping," and Edward Leinbach's "Christ the Lord, the Lord Most Glorious." Every Palm Sunday and every first Sunday of Advent, Bishop Christian Gregor's "Hosannah," an antiphonal anthem of great power and rhythmic vigor, is performed. The method of singing this anthem is traditional: the choir sings the leading part, and is answered by the Sunday School, massed in the gallery of the church. Another antiphonal "Hosannah" sung on Palm Sunday was written by Edward Leinbach, one of the most eminent members of a family famous as musicians in the community for generations. Hagen's "Lamb of God" is also part of the Palm Sunday tradition. At the evening service of this Sunday there is a pause in the reading of the Passion Week story while the choir sings "Bethany," an anthem by Sorenson, which tells of the peace and happiness which Jesus found in the home of Mary, Martha, and Lazarus.

Music plays an important part in all the reading services which take place on successive days of the Passion Week. The minister reads the complete Biblical story of the acts of Jesus during the last week of His life. At various pauses in the narrative the congregation sings, like the chorus of a great tragedy, some suitable chorale or hymn which comments appropriately on the story. The effect of this alternate reading and singing is simple, beautiful, and at times greatly moving.

At the early Easter Morning service the church bands play a unique role. Long before dawn, groups of musicians travel through the city, stopping at important points to play chorales, in order to awaken the citizens in time for the service, and prepare their minds for the great and solemn festivity which is about to take place. During the procession to the grave-yard the bands, located

in the various sections of the neighborhood, play chorales antiphonally. One hears first the opening phrase of a chorale near at hand, then the tune as it is taken up at a distant point by another group. At the climax of the service, when bands and congregation are finally assembled in the grave-yard, the massed effect of this great and simple music, played by several hundred musicians, is unforgettable. For many years this work has been ably directed by Bernard J. Pfohl, who has given a life-time of devoted service to it.

The list of composers who have lived and worked at Salem is too long for complete enumeration here. Besides those already mentioned, the following have made distinctive contributions:

Miss Amy Van Vleck, devoted teacher and accompanist at Salem College, who wrote a march for the Centennial of the College, as well as other compositions which have been published;

George Markgraff, who organized and directed the Salem Orchestra during the years when he was head of the Department of Music at the College, and who wrote marches and other works for orchestra;

Charles Sanford Skilton, who for three years headed the Music Department at Salem College, and who later achieved an international reputation as a composer. His oratorio, "The Guardian Angel," is founded on a local legend, and makes use of traditional Moravian tunes to give it historical and local color;

Louise Siddall, formerly a student at Salem College, who composed several published anthems and pieces for organ;

Charlotte Mathewson Garden, a noted church and concert organist, a graduate of Salem College, composer of published songs and anthems, editor and arranger of much music for organ and choir.

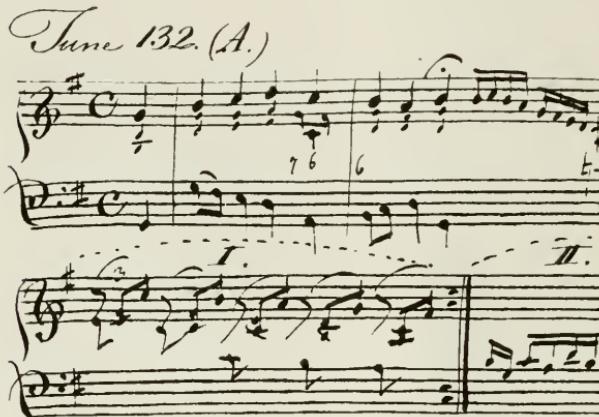
Salem Academy and College have always played an important part, not only in the music of the community, but in the musical education of students all over the South. From the earliest days, when students worked from hand-copied music down to the present time, the two institutions have stood for the best in music

education. They have attracted to their faculties musicians of nation-wide importance, and have worked in constant cooperation with the church musicians to make Salem and later, Winston-Salem, an important and significant center of musical activity.

CHARLES G. VARDELL, JR.

Note—Dr. Charles G. Vardell, Jr. is Dean of the School of Music of Salem College. He is a composer of national prominence, numbering among his compositions "Joe Clark Steps Out," for orchestra; "The Inimitable Lovers," a cantata for soloists, chorus and orchestra; and the "Carolinian" symphony.

Tune 132. (A.)





Church Street looking North from Salem Square

SISTERS' HOUSE

FROM THE TIME THE PLAN OF SALEM WAS FIRST ROUGHLY SKETCHED on paper, a lot was set aside for a single sisters' house, but the building had to take its place in the whole settlement program of the community.

First was to come the single brothers' house. It was completed in 1769. Next on the schedule was the community house, begun as soon as the other building was completed.

In this community house the single sisters moved in 1772, occupying until their own house could be built, the south end of the first floor. Early in April they consecrated their living quarters and in May they announced that "strangers must not visit in the single sisters' house without permission asked and given and a definite time set."

Permission was given and a time set for a very famous visitor in August, and Gov. Josiah Martin inspected and highly approved the living arrangements. There were 16 sisters and 6 older girls living in the apartment, then, and one of them, Elizabeth Osterlein, kept school for the small girls of the town in one of the comfortable rooms.

It was this small classroom that soon grew into a boarding school and in time into a college, thus giving Salem College the distinction of being one of the oldest schools for girls in the country.

Before the North Carolina colony was yet sure that freedom had been won from England, the sisters of Salem began agitating for their own house. For 10 years they had been frequently walking south a bit from their quarters to the lot reserved for their house, talking and planning, laying out in imagination the gardens behind.

By mid-July of 1782, they had progressed sufficiently in their planning to know that the building would cost at least \$5,000.00.

They were advised to state to the church authorities in a formal letter that they wanted to build their house, and ask if collections



*Sisters' House, where formerly lived Mora-
vian Single Sisters and Older Girls—
South Church Street*



for it might be taken in Europe, especially among the Moravian single sisters there.

They were by no means without their own opportunities for making money. Already they had accumulated by handwork, service and thrift nearly half the required amount. They were always busy—shearing sheep, drying apples and peaches, washing, sewing, cooking, and canning, helping in the community with nursing. Making kid gloves, they found was a profitable occupation, and they pursued this occupation diligently.

The Salem congregation wholly favored the building of the sisters' house. A building committee was appointed, plans were drawn, the lot was staked off, and two workmen were busy throughout the summer of 1783 making the bricks that would be needed.

Present-day visitors often marvel at the perfection of construction of the old buildings of Salem, erected as they were without the professional experience and equipment of our day.

The records of the building of the sisters' house give some insight into the working methods of earlier-day builders. The curator of Salem, for example, was instructed to plan the sisters' house, but he was to submit his drawings to everyone in the community who "understood the erection of houses," so any errors might be corrected before work was started.

For days, the builders argued as to the advisability of making the long beams for the building of poplar. Fortunately for posterity, the sturdier oak timber was ordered for beams and rafters, with the arrangement that poplar might be used for masons' laths and cross-beams.

By October of 1783 the lumber for the sisters' house was being piled by permission in Salem Square in front of the excavation for the deep cellars—sweetgum saw logs, cut from the lot behind the mill, and scaffolding boards an inch and one quarter thick.

While some of the workmen laid the heavy rock foundations for the building, others carted the surplus dirt over to Main street where it was used for road improvement.

Even the shingles were ready to go on the roof—colorful clay shingles, 21 inches long, made by Moses Martin and bought for 22 shillings per thousand.

Around the well-built cellars of the proposed sisters' house all the component parts of the building lay carefully arranged.

But not a single brick nor oak beam nor poplar cross-beam nor 21-inch shingle collected for the Salem sisters' house ever went into the beautiful old building that still stands with a bronze marker near its arched front door on South Church Street.

In the dark of a winter's night the cry, "fire," spread through Salem. The frame-constructed Tavern was in flames, and Land-lord Jacob Meyer did well to escape with his family and a few guests. In a few hours, the Tavern was a fire-blackened ruin, and Salem was without any facilities for taking care of guests.

The single sisters were crowded but at least adequately housed in the community building. They could manage for another year or so if necessary. So the materials for the sisters' house went to build the Tavern that was completed in 1784, and that still stands sturdily against the ravages of time on South Main street.

Early the following spring, on March 31, the corner stone for the single sisters' house was laid, with the whole congregation rejoicing that the sisters were at last to have their building, and the trombone choir furnishing joyful music.

The building that we now know as the sisters' house, a part of the Salem College plant, was completed in the spring of 1786.

Long a part of the school that grew from the first single sisters' apartment, the old building has through the long years of its use, always been "home" for some of the single sisters of Salem.

NETTIE ALLEN THOMAS

REVOLUTIONARY WAR TIME IN SALEM

WHEN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR BROKE, THE VILLAGE OF SALEM had only about seventy-seven adult residents. They were conscientious objectors to bearing arms, and were granted exemption; however, they willingly paid a three-fold tax in lieu of military service. The Moravians believed that, as citizens of North Carolina, they owed allegiance to rulers duly elected by the people, and with exception to serving in the army, they did all in their power to comply with requests for aid to the cause of liberty.

The story of the ride of young Jesse Franklin was told to a newspaper man years ago by the late Hon. C. B. Watson, who was exceptionally well versed in the traditional and intimate history of this section.

This is the story:

During the Revolutionary War, Ben Cleveland was Colonel of the militia in Wilkes county. He was one of the heroes of King's Mountain. He was engaged, too, in fighting the Indians and Tories at different times.

Gen. Greene retreated through North Carolina, followed by Lord Cornwallis. While crossing the line, Greene made up his mind to come back into North Carolina and meet Cornwallis and fight him. He sent a messenger to Wilkesboro to Col. Cleveland, whose home was near Wilkesboro, to tell him what day he wanted Cleveland to meet him at the old Troublesome Iron Works, out from Guilford courthouse, where Greene was going to camp while mustering militia.

The day before Cleveland received the message from Gen. Greene, he received a message telling him that the Indians were preparing for a raid into North Carolina, and he sent a portion of his regiment to meet them.

Jesse Franklin was a young man, and a nephew of Col. Cleveland. The next morning, Cleveland dispatched Franklin to Gen. Greene to tell him about the Indian raid, and that while he couldn't send his entire force, he would bring his available troops to aid him.

Young Franklin was to start on his ride direct to Salem, a distance of 75 miles. Col. Cleveland told him to go to the home of Mr. Bagge, then a very wealthy German living in Salem. Franklin was to arrive in Salem that night. He was to go into the home of Bagge the back way, and make known to him that he was a courier to Gen. Greene from Col. Cleveland. Franklin was told that Bagge was a very careful man, but that he would help him.

Young Franklin arrived at the home of Bagge early in the night, hitched his horse in a shed at the rear of the house, and knocked at a door at the rear. Mr. Bagge came to the door, candle in hand, and asked him what he wanted. Franklin told him that he was bearing a dispatch to Gen. Greene from Col. Cleveland, and asked him to give him something to eat and lend him a fresh horse.

Bagge replied: "Young man, I can do neither," but turning, he showed him a little dining room, placed the candle on the table and said: "Now look in the safe and you will find plenty of cold victuals. If you help yourself, I can't help it." He then handed Franklin the key to the stable and said: "If, tomorrow morning, I find your jaded horse in the stable and my horse gone, I can't help it."

Franklin mounted the horse and the next morning as the sun rose, he delivered Col. Cleveland's message to Gen. Greene at the old Troublesome Iron Works, a forty-mile night's ride.

Franklin remained for the battle of Guilford Courthouse. Later, he was Governor of North Carolina and still later, a United States Senator. He was also honored in other ways.

According to priceless records these were troublous times for the Salem town, when the quiet, peace-loving village was overrun from time to time with soldiers, marauders and rioters, demanding food and entertainment. Brother Graff, the pastor, and Brother Bagge, the merchant, were called upon to settle many a momentous question.

Four kinds of paper money were in circulation at that time, to add to the confusion, and people came to Salem to spend it, where things were still to be had. Instead of taking change, they would often ask for thread, needles, tape, sugar, or other commodities; if at the tavern, they would demand a dram in place of change! Often the store, the pottery and the tannery enjoyed a superfluity

of patronage, and the pottery especially would be entirely sold out. Sometimes the tavern was quite overrun and extra help had to be called in.

Even officers went into the store and workshops, taking what they wanted, and charging it to the public account. A certificate was, however, given the Brethren, and 2000 pounds of meat and meal to feed 2000 men for eight days ordered from here and two neighboring settlements. It was astonishing what amounts of supplies were furnished by the handful of villagers here; fresh pork, beef, barrels, leather, "flower" for bread, large size "stockens," salt, etc. Sometimes they received payment in depreciated money; sometimes not at all.

Once so many boisterous strangers were in town the store-keeper and the tavern manager were unable to attend the Easter lovefeast!





Academy Street facing the Square



*Salem College Office, formerly Inspector's
House, built in 1810*

SALEM BOYS' SCHOOL

A SIMPLE ENTRY IN EARLY MORAVIAN RECORDS, REVIEWING THE activities of the growing young community of Salem during the year 1772, marks the first concrete beginning of two institutions which were destined to become outstanding examples of educational progress in North Carolina.

The entry states, very briefly: "The young people in the choir houses should be given practice in writing and arithmetic so that they might not forget what they have already learned."

This conviction of the church fathers that education should be provided for the children of the community led to the establishment, more than 160 years ago, of a day school for the little girls and a separate day school for the small boys of Salem.

The girls' day school grew with the years from small classes which met at the Congregation House and later at the Sisters' House into present-day Salem Academy and Salem College. The day school for boys became the Salem Boys' School, an institution which, over the span of more than a century, served with distinction in supplying the educational needs of the youth of this city.

First classes for the small boys were begun during the spring of 1772 in the home of Christian Triebel, master carpenter. Triebel was a bachelor who owned his own house and he donated the rooms which he did not need for use as schoolrooms.

The first three pupils to attend classes were Charles and Benjamin Bagge and small Samuel Meyer, the tavern-keeper's son. It was thought advisable to have young Samuel's place of residence removed from the tavern; and he began to sleep at the Triebel house, thus becoming the first resident pupil, although he continued to eat his meals with his family.

Tiny lads of kindergarten age were sent to school only for an hour or two each day, but as they grew older they were required to spend longer hours in the classroom.

In 1773, the instruction of the boys was extended to include the schooling of boys of 12 or 14 years of age and older, who were serv-

ing their apprenticeships as craftsmen and living in the Brothers' House. In that year night "extension" classes were begun at the Brothers' House under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Tiersch, the first preacher in the community.

These night classes were conducted in close connection with the classes in the Triebel house, the "graduates" of the latter automatically attending the Brothers' House classes as they became of apprentice age.

The classes continued unbroken throughout the Revolutionary War, and attendance grew rapidly. Students too young to live at the Brothers' House as apprentices lived at their homes, and those from nearby rural communities boarded in Salem homes during the school term.

Triebel finally gave up his home entirely to make room for the expanding school, and moved into another house in the neighborhood. In 1782, three teachers were on duty: Joseph Dixon, young apprentice surgeon; Frederich Peter, minister and musician; and Christian Stauber, whose particular job was to instruct the small boys from the country and those who had not learned to write.

In 1791 the citizens of Salem sent to Europe for a young man to take charge of the expanding institution. He was Thomas Pfohl, who proved to be an excellent administrator and teacher. By 1794 the school had enlarged so much that the Triebel house was no longer of sufficient size to accommodate it, and a new building was erected.

This new three-story structure on Academy Street, now housing the museum of the Wachovia Historical Society, was designed as a residence school. Across from the cellar were built a dining room and a kitchen, with a huge hearth and Dutch oven. The second floor was devoted largely to classrooms, and the third floor was built to serve as a dormitory.

Though the school made excellent progress as a day school, it never was an outstanding success as a boarding school. Spasmodic attempts in the 1790's and later in the 1820's to convert it into such an institution met with little success. One or two teachers lived in the building and a few of the town boys slept there for a time, but the great majority of the students continued either to live at home, or to board with friends in town, if they came from the rural sections.



*Salem Boys' School built in 1794, is now a unit of the Wachovia
Museum, Salem Square*

An idea of the daily school routine may be had from reading a diary of one of the teachers about 1830. The curriculum at that time seems to have been surprisingly modern in its organization, with "supervised activities" and a regular recreation period included. The smaller boys were required to attend classes all morning, but every afternoon when the weather permitted they were taken on long walks, or allowed to swim in the creek or play ball in the meadow, under the watchful eye of their teacher. An attempt was made to have each afternoon's program different from that of the preceding day, insofar as the limited recreational facilities of the community allowed.

As the years passed, the Boys' School increased in size and in value to the community. Classes met in the building erected in 1794 for 103 years.

In 1896, a new building was erected for the school on the corner of Bank and Church Streets. It is now the Moravian Church Office.

The old building was converted almost immediately into a museum, and as such it continues to serve the city today.

KATE URQUHART





*Bake Oven in Boys' School
typical of the period*

0196592

FAMILY HISTORY LIBRARY
36 NORTH WEST TEMPLE
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84150



*Kitchen utensils grouped around fireplace in Kitchen
of Boys' School—now Museum*



The Salem room in the Museum of the Wachovia Historical Society. The chandelier once did duty in the church.

MAYOR JOSHUA BONER'S HOUSE

THOUGH BUILT IN 1791, THIS HOUSE SEEMS NOT TO HAVE HAD historical significance till the time of the War Between the States. At that time it was the home of Mayor Joshua Boner and became the headquarters of General Palmer, when the Federal troops occupied the town.

On April 10th, 1865, an army entered the adjacent village of Winston; Salem's Mayor Boner and Rev. Robert de Schweinitz, principal of Salem Female Academy, rode to meet the invaders and surrendered the town. Three thousand troops encamped along Salem Creek.

The frightened inhabitants naturally hid their jewelry, silver and sundry valuables including horses and other livestock. One young mother dressed her baby in five little frocks and sat holding him on the stair steps to await the coming of the Yankees! Those were hard times indeed, when salt was priced at twenty dollars per sack; corn sold for ten dollars per bushel and ordinary country bacon brought three dollars per pound.

Long widths of cotton cloth were stretched on fences here and there, having been made waterproof with paint to protect the confederate soldiers from the weather.

Salem sent two army bands to the front; one with the Twenty-First Regiment and the other with the Twenty-Sixth. The latter band saw service at Gettysburg, and in Salem's Hall of History are some of the instruments played by the "boys" during the war. Here, too, is a music book which was in a knapsack used for a pillow, when a bullet struck and pierced the book.

Though this was before the Red Cross was organized, a number of Salem's women volunteered for nursing duty in hospitals. Among them were Mrs. Eliza Kremer, Misses Lizetta Stewart, Leanna Schaub, Laura Vogler and Margaret Clewell. Under what difficulties and handicaps they must have served, with churches, school houses and even barns the only available places for sick and wounded soldiers.



*Home of Salem's Mayor, which became
headquarters of Gen. Palmer when Federal
troops occupied the town; originally the
Kuschke House*

CHIMNEY HOUSE

THE HOUSE WAS CONSTRUCTED IN 1789 BY ABRAM LOESCH, SON OF one of the first group of Moravian settlers who journeyed to this region from Pennsylvania in 1753.

It was leased to the Single Brethren of Salem congregation from 1795 to 1800 and then to Christopher Vogler, in whose family it remained until 1875. In this year it was first deeded to J. R. and W. T. Vogler, executors of the estate of Nathaniel Vogler, who transferred title to the property to A. S. Jones, the last resident of the Chimney House who engaged in farming operations in the adjacent fields.

It came into the possession of the present owner, Mrs. Thomas W. Davis, in 1913.





*This interesting interior is in the Chimney House situated
at 113 Walnut Street*

CHIMNEY HOUSE

There's a quaint old house in Salem,
Too modest to face the street,
Which seems to call o'er its shoulder,
As memory stays my feet:
 "Come in—and remember!"

'Twas builded of logs, to begin with,
Then covered with clapboards neat,
And the old stone steps worn deeply
Are kind to returning feet.

I remember.

So well each door and window,
The corner where grandfather sat
In the old oak chair, with his Bible
Outspread on his knee. Oh, that
 Is sweet to remember!

And the shelf with the cedar bucket
Of well water, clear and cold,
And the gourd that hung just by it;
The grandfather clock that told
 Glad hours to remember.

The scarred old corner cupboard,
Its shelves with paper lined,
And a custard-pie half-hidden
For a hungry child to find—
 And remember.

The spinning wheel in the attic,
Hoopskirts and bustles we wore
When we played at being ladies
On rainy days—and more—
 I remember.

But the heart of the house was the chimney,
Which twisted and bulged and bent,
And its cavernous mouth, wide-open
Held logs with the sweet wood-scent
 I remember.

And somehow, 'twas strangely fashioned,
So that each and every room
Had a hearth and fire to banish
The sullen cold and gloom.
 I remember

How, curled on the rug of sheepskin,
I gazed at the dancing flame,
And felt the pulsing heart-beats
Of a house which deserved a name
 To remember.

Now "Old Chimney House" they call it,
And if it could speak, well it might
Say: "The heart of the house is the chimney,
Keep love and the flame burning bright;
 Oh—remember!"

Used by Permission of RUTH CRIST BLACKWELL

INDUSTRIES IN OLD SALEM

WHEN THE MORAVIANS IN 1766 SELECTED THE SITE FOR THE town, it was their intention to make it their permanent home. Therefore, they began at once to surround themselves with such conveniences as they had enjoyed in their homelands. Businesses at first were largely centered around the Brothers' House, in which the single men of the community lived. After the boys and unmarried men went to live in the Brothers' House, craftsmen took them as apprentices in their shops and taught them the various trades. In order to manage their industries and take care of all their business relations, the brothers founded the Single Brethren's Diacony, which was generally supervised by the governing board of the church.

The Congregational Diacony, the organization that managed the financial affairs of the church, also operated businesses, as well as collecting water bills and checking up on the debtors of the community store. Some individuals, however, conducted their own shops, independent of both Diaconies.

The Sisters' House was operated on a basis similar to that of the Brothers' House. Young girls went to live at the Sisters' House in order to learn cooking, cleaning, sewing, weaving, knitting, crocheting, and gardening. They also conducted a tailoring establishment to make men's clothes and to stitch soft buckskin gloves, which were favorites among the young brethren.

For many years the Single Brethren operated farms in order to supply the community with dairy products as the people were not allowed to keep cows in town.

The making of cigars and snuff was begun in Salem as early as 1774, and was taken over in 1806 by the Single Brethren's Diacony.

In connection with the Brothers' House, a bakery was operated to provide bread and cakes. While Cornwallis' army was in Salem, the soldiers discovered the bakery and it was soon full of Englishmen. One officer, wishing to enjoy his refreshment to the full, removed his sword and placed it on the counter. Unseen by the Britisher, a little boy, evidently apprenticed to the baker, slipped

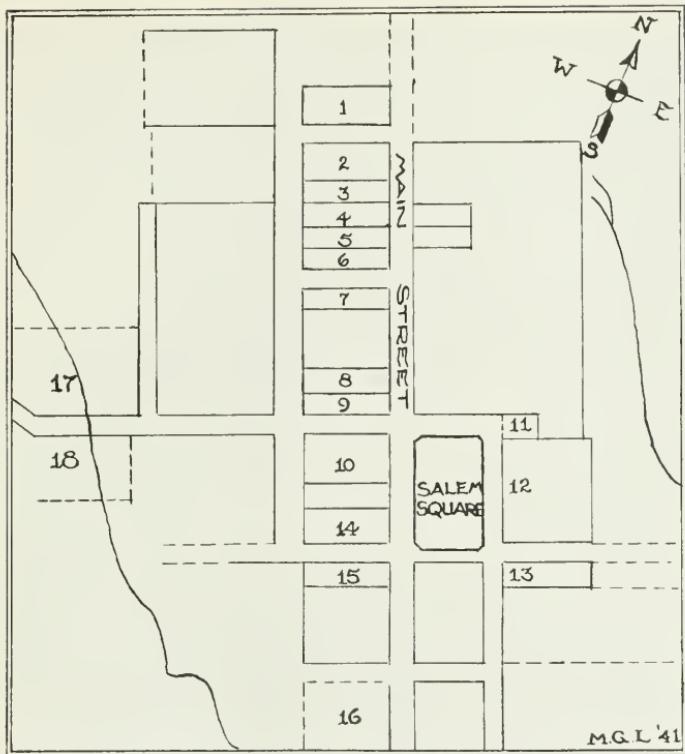
the weapon under the counter. The customer seemed so satisfied with the pastries, that when he left, he forgot his sword. Reprimanded for his behavior, the youngster replied, "Well, they are our enemies and we want to do all we can to harm them!"

To sharpen sickles used in reaping, the brethren established a mill. Soon they began to make sickles, and before long gunsmithing, lock-smithing, and clock-repairing were somehow mixed up in this general manufactory. One clock-repairer, Mr. Lewis Eberhardt, added greatly to the Home Moravian Church clock by making it strike the quarter hours. In 1788 the gunsmithy was taken over by Christopher Vogler, who won an outstanding reputation for the "Salem Vogler guns." All the gun barrels were wrought from common bar iron, ground into proper shape on a large grindstone, and then bored and rifled out in his shop.

Hatmaking and shoemaking were also important in early Salem. The shoes were very plain and simple; and the minute there was a trend toward more attractive ones, the governing boards protested. It was permissible for a man to wear silk knee breeches and white cotton stockings; but if he wore black velvet breeches, white silk stockings, and fine leather shoes, his dress was far too elaborate for his station. Big shaggy hats—those with turned down brims, and those trimmed with ribbons and buckles were considered entirely too fine. Should a man wear a sleeveless vest and a fine pleated shirt, he was looked upon as an erring brother. The only criticism of women's clothes was the discouragement of high-heeled shoes!

Metal work was very prominent. Pewter-making was common in the early days when the pewter ware was made by hammering or molding the metal. Of much greater importance, however, was the work of the silversmiths, outstanding among whom were John Vogler and Traugott Leinbach. Many of the iron railings of the old Salem buildings were made in the local iron works. Nails, however, had to be secured elsewhere, for when the Sisters' House was planned, the brothers counted the number of nails needed and ordered them by the dozen. Water pipes were bored out of pine logs, resistant to decay.

One of the most useful of businesses was the brick and tile-making industry, which supplied all the brick and tile used in



MAP OF SALEM IN 1783

Other Industries Added Later

1. Blacksmith (George Schmidt)	11. The "Gemein Haus" (Community Meeting House)
2. Potter (Gottfried Aust)	12. Single Sisters' House
3. Saddler (Charles Holder)	13. Tyco Nissen's House
4. Preacher (Fritz)	14. Community Store
5. Doctor (Bonn)	15. Preacher (Heinzemann)
6. The Two-Story House	16. Salem Tavern
7. Hatter (John Reiz)	17. Tannery
8. Tobacconist (Micksch)	18. Brewery
9. Carpenter (Triebel)	
10. Single Brethren's House	

Salem buildings. In addition to the usual output of a pottery—plates, bowls, vases, pots, and clay pipes—the potter also made elaborate tile stoves, according to the designs brought over from Europe. The first Salem potter, Gottfried Aust, opened his shop in 1772. As his sign, he made a large platter with his name and the date 1772 grooved into the clay on the outer rim. In the center was a floral design. Experts in the pottery business have declared this to be a most exceptional piece of work, for the potter had to have the heat just at the correct intensity in order to glaze the grooves, yet to keep the center colors from running.

Space prohibits going into details concerning such industries as the tannery, brewery, cotton mill, flour mill, water works, blacksmithy, and others; they are none the less important and should not be overlooked.

Perhaps the most popular business was the Community Store, which handled all sorts of goods. Once the young boy, Julius A. Leinbach, who was apprenticed to the store-keeper, was in the basement filling a jug with molasses by letting it run from a large cask into a smaller container. During the procedure he was called away. Sometime later he realized that the molasses must still be running. Hurrying back, he found a thick layer of molasses on the dirt floor of the cellar. Very carefully he scooped up the part on the top, putting it back into the container. No one ever discovered the catastrophe, and nobody seems to have complained about impure molasses.

Candle-making, begun in 1795, is one of the primitive crafts still carried on. By the same method used in the olden days, ten thousand beeswax candles are made for the Moravian Christmas Lovefeasts each year.

Over a century and a half has passed since the founding of this industrious community. The early Salem craftsmen wrought well. Many samples of their work may be seen in the Wachovia Museum; but more important, much of it is still in use. The iron railings, the locks, hinges, and keys, the tile roofs of the Sisters' House and the Museum, for example—even the very buildings themselves, still remain as objects of interest, usefulness, and beauty—because these early workers took pride in doing their work well.

MARGARET LEINBACH.



Salem boasts a Community Store today, facing the old Square, as of yore. Various commodities are offered the public. While molasses may not be had here, the fascinating little Christmas cakes, made of molasses, are a popular feature

THE REICH HOUSE

FOR SLIGHTLY MORE THAN 100 YEARS, THREE GENERATIONS OF Reichs, the tin and coppersmiths of the community, occupied the modest little house at the northeast corner of South Main and Blum Streets, which had been built in 1792-3 by one Johann George Ebert, who left Salem in the fall of 1796.

Christopher Reich was the second occupant and the third owner of this house. Gottlieb Schober had bought the house from Ebert in 1796 and had arranged that Reich should live there and carry on his trade. Reich purchased from Schober in 1801.

Jacob Reich followed his father in occupying the house and in conducting the business and, in 1859, became the first individual to own the land on which the house is located, taking a deed from the Moravian church.

While Jacob still carried on his trade in Salem, his son, William A. (Gus), opened a tin and coppersmith business in Mt. Airy. Being there at the time of the death of the Siamese twins, Gus was called upon to make a tin coffin in which to "solder them up" for shipment to Philadelphia physicians for post-mortem examination. Gus considered this one of the outstanding events of his life.

The Reichs were known as excellent workmen in their line and their work has been commented upon by authorities. "Prof." Gus Reich, who lived in the house until 1897, established a local reputation as a magician and was known as "the wizard of the Blue Ridge." Several articles belonging to the Reichs are preserved in the Wachovia Museum.

The clapboard house is built of logs, chinked in with mud and straw. It contains most of the original mantels, floors, doors, hinges, locks and window panes. It is characteristic of the simple house of the Salem tradesmen.

On May 17, 1792, the minutes of the Aufseher Collegium record: "Ebert is told that he must make the foundation wall and the upper structure of his house correspond with the other two houses on the same block to which he agrees. He has already cut the logs of the proposed size and is allowed to proceed." Later, Ebert



*Rear Hall of Reich House, showing quaint
Dutch door; now the home of Mr. and Mrs.
W. K. Hoyt*



Room of Reich House on South Main Street

THE HOME CHURCH

SINCE 1800 THE MORAVIANS IN SALEM HAVE BEEN WORSHIPPING IN this same venerable sanctuary, though now there are a number of other churches of that denomination in town.

The membership at that time numbered just one hundred and fifty, so it was a brave undertaking and a worthy one, when, in June, 1798, the corner-stone was laid. The architecture is true continental colonial, emphasizing simplicity, strength, heavy walls, and durable construction. The appentice or hood over each door is unique, and characteristic of these early builders, being seen in several of the other original structures. The immense stone foundations, the walls three feet thick, the great beams of hand-hewn oak, and the fine brick made in an adjacent meadow, all speak of a far-seeing, conscientious brotherhood, whose accomplishment stands in fine preservation today, after well over a hundred years of constant use.

The church bell and the town clock antedate the church itself, having first been placed in a tower on the square, the bell being rung every day at noon for the dinner hour. It was cast in Pennsylvania in 1771, and the story goes that its silvery tone is due to molten silver dollars that the brethren contributed to its makeup. The clock was ordered from Europe and was striking the hours in 1790, when the night watchman made his rounds, blowing his conch shell, and calling that all was well.

The weather vane atop the belfry is interesting. It was made in Pennsylvania also. The figures in the tail of the weather vane are thirteen inches across. The gilt ball is seven feet, five inches in circumference, and the star is twelve inches wide.

The heavy handrails at the front steps, of non-rusting Norway iron, were made and presented by a member, Christopher Vogler.

The first lighting system in the church consisted of five chandeliers holding candles. These antique devices may be seen today in the Museum near by. Kerosene lamps were an improvement that followed the candles, and when gas lights were installed, the

church was quite up to date. Now, of course, the lighting is effected by indirect electric chandeliers.

The old church has seen many notable gatherings, when it has been taxed to an overflow of some nine hundred. Its interior has been renovated several times, though outside it retains its original beautiful simplicity, and the sweet old bell still calls to prayer, as it did when the first president of the United States worshipped with the brethren.





*The Home Moravian Church, in continuous
use for well-nigh a century and a half*

SALEM ACADEMY AND COLLEGE

AS ONE TURNS THE CORNER OF ACADEMY STREET AT SALEM SQUARE the whole facade of college buildings comes into view.

Unprecedented is the fact that here is a school for young women which has not once closed its doors since the year 1772. Here education for girls has gone on steadily from the establishment of Salem Female Academy into the eighteenth century, through the nineteenth century, up to the present time when Salem Academy is an accredited preparatory school and Salem College a full-fledged and important woman's college in the South.

Keeping the beauty and simplicity of the old architecture, many new buildings have been added to the campus of fifty-six acres during the years. President Howard Rondthaler, now in office, counts twenty-one buildings on the campus. One has only to enter one of the gate-ways in the solid phalanx of buildings fronting the Square to find himself surrounded by cloistered beauty: Huge trees more than a century old, redolent boxwoods, ancient fountains planted with fern, the woodsy "Pleasure Grounds" with the little brook and forget-me-nots still growing by the big rock, brick walks, flowering shrubs, and finally the old meadows converted into a modern hockey field, archery grounds and tennis courts, with a large gymnasium just under the hill.

In the east campus and beautifully curving the hill stand the three new Academy buildings, a complete preparatory school plant built in the lines of ancient architecture even to the graceful spire, but very modern within.

One sees on Salem Square, facing north, the Salem College Library. Within this building are treasures untold, which to the interested stranger can open up volumes of history, folk lore, traditions and customs which are potent in the background of this venerable college and which lend their fragrance and fabric to the modern and up-to-the-minute atmosphere of the institution.

Facing south on Salem Square stands the low quaint Office Building of the college built in 1811 as a combination house of administrative offices and residence for the head of the school. In



Main Hall—Salem College

this house, which has had its interior recently restored most charmingly, one will find the old safe which for ninety years has stood in the treasurer's office. During the war between the states it was crammed with Confederate bills of all denominations. For Salem has never closed its doors and in that time of peril in the South, parents sent their girls to Salem Female Academy for safe living away from the anxious dangers of the plantations.

Dr. Robert de Schweinitz was the president during those fateful years and carried a heavy responsibility. To this day one can see in the old safe some of the paper money which became worthless at the end of the war.

One day a wagon carrying a full load of staples drove around Salem Square and entirely unannounced stopped at the door of the office building. It was at the time when Dr. de Schweinitz' store of food for the school and the precious daughters of the South was running low. It was a godsend—a miracle—an answer to prayers! One of the father-planters had feared just such a shortage and through the Carolinas had sent his wagon wending its way from plantation to plantation gathering what he could for the girls at Salem. Then came the long trek to Salem where beans, potatoes, side-meat, and flour were received as though they had been the rarest of jewels.

Down under the office building are arched cellars paved with great paving stones. Back in the darkest vaulted room one can see the big loose stone under which the money and heirlooms of the school were hidden when the Yankee troops finally did come through peaceful Salem town.

Main Hall with its tall white Doric columns was built in 1854 and was dreamed of and designed by Francis Fries who, as with all great designers, was far ahead of his time. Along the brick entry which runs the length of the basement of this building, Dr. de Schweinitz, when he heard that the troops were coming, had his one hired man lead two horses and hide them in a deep cellar under the portico of Main Hall. These two animals were absolutely essential to the running of the school farm. Today one looks into that cellar with bated breath, almost fearing that the horses will neigh and betray their whereabouts.



*Salem College campus, showing box hedge
and ancient trees*

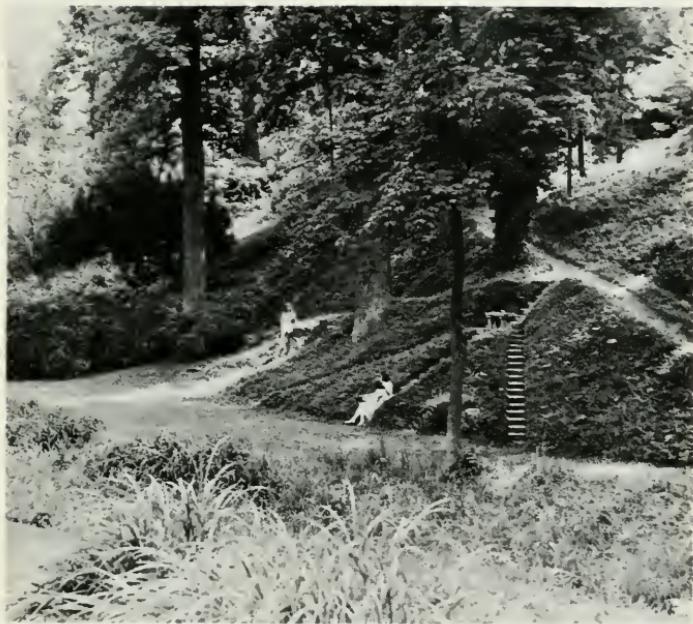
The appearance of hostile troops was so serious that word went out to the school girls in no uncertain terms that everyone must remain indoors with all shutters closed tight.

The Yankee troops with Col. Stoneman at their head rode down quiet Church Street and Dr. de Schweinitz went out anxiously to confront them with fear in his heart for his precious charges. Just at that moment a spirited girl from Alabama, leaned far out of the third floor corner window of Main Hall waving a Confederate flag defiantly in the face of the advancing soldiers. Also at that moment when something dire might have happened, Col. Stoneman and Dr. de Schweinitz recognized one another. They had been school boys together in a Moravian school in Pennsylvania! Stoneman dismounted and the two men dramatically clasped each other. The dangerous moment for old Salem Academy and Salem town was over. Stoneman promised absolute safety for the school and the town and placed his sentries in front of Main Hall. The young lady from Alabama was thoroughly rebuked for it was not her fault that something devastating did not happen to her school and to her schoolmates.

Facing west on Salem Square is the Moravian Sisters' House built in 1785 and delightfully quaint from its original mossy tile roof to its extra wide scrubbed floor boards. This house was built by the sisters themselves and was the busy centre for all the womanly industries and crafts of the time. The younger women of the community entered here to learn from the experienced sisters, fine needle work, cooking, baking and fine laundering. In fact it was a sort of home economics house. Salem College now uses this house as a dormitory.

Through the long period of years Salem has had twelve presidents. The blending of the ancient and the new and the establishment of a very modern preparatory school and a standard college of arts and sciences in which the atmosphere of historic background and tradition is subtly present, is and will be always the inherited and rewarding task of its administrators.

KATHERINE B. RONDHALER



A bank where the periwinkle grows



Campus—Salem College



*Guest room, showing beds used in Salem
Female Academy in early 19th Century.*

THE VIERLING HOUSE

BUILT IN THE SAME YEAR WITH THE HOME CHURCH, THIS OLD HOUSE stands staunch and strong today, even though following the earthquake of 1886 it had to be reinforced with anchor irons. Its builder, Dr. Samuel Benjamin Vierling of Silesia, arrived in Salem in 1790, to become the community physician, having won his degree in Berlin.

In 1800, Dr. Vierling applied to the Brethren for permission to build a home. The Brethren felt that his plans were rather pretentious, but finally allowed him to begin the structure after having satisfied themselves that he could finance it. So the house was erected in that year and immediately became an important center in the life of the small community. Five of his children by his second marriage were born in the house.

Dr. Vierling died on November 15, 1817, at the age of 52, leaving his widow with the responsibility of a large family. In 1818, she sold the house to the church. It then became the Land Office and residence of the Proprietors who held title to the land belonging to the Unity of Brethren. These Proprietors were known as "Administrators," hence its name "Administration House." For many years various Administrators occupied the house, all of whom were conspicuous in the early development of the community.

Rev. Lewis David de Schweinitz, Administrator, was one of these. He had two famous sons, Emil, the future Bishop, and Robert William, seventh principal of Salem Academy.

Charles F. Kluge, Administrator, occupied the house from 1844-1853. It was in this house on May 12, 1849, that Kluge prepared the deed for 51 acres of land, purchased at five dollars per acre from the Moravians, for the site of the town of Winston, and the county courthouse.

The last Administrator was Bishop Emil A. de Schweinitz, who occupied the house from 1853-1877. After Bishop de Schweinitz's retirement, the Administration Office then assumed the name "Treasurer of The Moravian Church in America, Southern Prov-



The Vierling or Administration House, built in 1800

ince." The various Treasurers who were successors of Bishop de Schweinitz did not live in the house until in 1914, Rev. Ernest Hall Stockton was appointed Treasurer and, with his family of five daughters and one son, moved into the house on October 2, 1914. He died May 16, 1935, and his only son, Edwin L. Stockton, was appointed Treasurer, and continues to occupy the house. Thus after a lapse of thirty years, the house again became the home of those in charge of the Land Office.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Vierling is the fourth great grandfather of the present occupant, and the fifth great grandfather of the occupant's two children, thus creating a direct connection with the builder of the house of almost a century and a half ago.

It is said that this was the first brick residence erected in Salem. Built the same year as the Home Church, it is similar in the massive construction of the walls and roof. The house is supported by a foundation of field stone over five feet in thickness. The basement constructed of massive walls gives the aspect of a dungeon. The first and second stories are alike in plan and construction. On each floor there are four large rooms and a hall. The doors are wide, and only six feet in height, retaining the original locks and hinges. The wide floor boards are deeply worn. The stairway has a slender, graceful hand rail. There are two garrets, and here one may see the long rafters, four inches square, hewn from single trees. The rafters are skillfully mortised together so that the joints can hardly be seen. Here and there, however, one may see a blacksmith's nail. The huge chimneys as they pass through the two garrets, lean toward the west, giving the impression that they are about to collapse.

The exterior walls of large dark red bricks, made locally, present a pleasing appearance, knitted together in a Flemish Bond arrangement. The bricks show few signs of deterioration. The narrow windows have small panes, and the sashes are of unequal size, the upper being one third larger than the lower. The eyelash arches over the windows are indicative of the early period. Ivy, slowly creeping up the walls of the house, greatly enhances its beauty.

The garden in the rear of the house descends by a succession of

terraces to the ravine on the east. There is no doubt that in this beautiful spot Doctor Vierling grew herbs for his apothecary shop which was located in the house.

Long since removed was a barn in the rear of the house where the Doctor and the other early occupants kept their horses. A large pile of cord wood leaned against the barn, providing fuel for the outdoor Dutch oven, and for the large fire places in the house. An intriguing story is related of Dr. Vierling's youngest daughter, Eliza. One day she was playing near the woodpile and suddenly burst into the house, announcing to her mother that there was an angel on the woodpile. Hurriedly accompanying the little girl to see what could be meant by this statement, Mrs. Vierling was astonished to see the pile of wood tumble down, just as she reached the back door. Could little Eliza have really seen her guardian angel?

The Vierling house has stood now for almost a century and a half on its high elevation like a "guardian angel," silently watching the years go by and witnessing the growth of a small village to a large City. What a story we would hear if the four walls could but speak! Surely we would hear the words spoken in the character of the man who built it—"Let him who builds, build well."

EDWIN L. STOCKTON



WINKLER'S BAKERY

MANY A HUNGRY LITTLE BOY MUST HAVE GAZED LONGLINGLY IN times past at the cakes and candies displayed in Winkler's Bakery—or hurried faster along Main street as the fragrant aroma of baking tempted him to stop. And many a Salem lass—though reducing had not yet become the fad—must have looked wistfully at the rich candies, cream puffs, cookies and sugar cakes which adorned the interior of the shop.

From the days of 1800 until 1927 this bakery was one of the most familiar—and certainly one of the most fragrant—landmarks in Old Salem. It was here that the love feast buns were made and bread furnished for the Moravian community. The same building which then served as bake shop below stairs and home for the baker and his family above, still stands, being used as a tea room but preserving its original characteristics and architecture in the construction of fireplace, floors, doorways and thick walls.

Before 1774, according to the record, there was no bakery for the community. The men living in the Single Brothers' House ran a farm, brewery, bakery and butchery. But due to the fact that decorum and conventionality decreed it not fitting for "persons of both sexes to go to the Single Brothers' House for bread" it was decided to establish a town bakery, "the size of the loaves to be determined by those baked in Bethabara and the price by the cost of barley."

Shortly after the bakery was established, it is recorded that "Tory troops who camped on the Atkin (Yadkin) came through and took all the bread but because there was not enough for each to have a piece, they marched on."

It was early in 1800 that Christian Winkler came down from Lititz, Penn., to take charge of the bakery and establish it as an institution in his family and in Salem for over a century. Born in 1766 near Blumenstein, Canton Bern, Switzerland, he was reared mostly by his grandmother in the teachings of the Reformed Church. Interesting events of his early life are recounted in his



From 1800 to 1927 Winkler's bakery served the community

memoirs now in the possession of his descendants living in Salem today.

Seeking a religion more consistent with his own ideas, he eventually found it, when, at the age of twenty-five, he was received into the congregation of the Unitas Fratrum (Moravian Church) at Neuwied, Germany. He joined the Diaconie of the Single Brethren, helping especially in soap-making.

This was during the tumultuous days of the French Revolution and not only France but all Europe was involved in the wars of the kaisers and French armies. After guarding the Sisters' House during a bombardment and experiencing many narrow escapes from cannon fire, he was sent to escort a group of about eighteen of the sisters to a safer retreat at Ebersdorf.

Here he learned the trade of a baker and later was put in charge of the Brothers' House Bakery. In 1798 during a visit to Herrnhut, he was received in Berthelsdorf as an Akolouth and the next year accepted a call to go to North America to lead the Single Brethren in Nazareth, Penn. Subsequently, he sailed from Hamburg and landed in Philadelphia in 1799.

After spending some time in Nazareth and Lititz, he was called to take charge of the town bakery at Salem and continued the work until 1827. When ill health forced him to retire, his son, William, carried it on until he was succeeded by his eldest son, Charles A. Winkler, in 1866. After his death in 1893, it was carried on by his wife until about 1915 when it was sold out but still continued to operate under the name of Winkler's Bakery until discontinued in 1927.

The formula for love feast buns used for so many years by the Winklers is now in the hands of commercial bakers who furnish the buns needed during the year. But machinery now does what used to be done by hand; vast, modern ovens have replaced the old stone ovens of the past, and what was once a matter of days is now only a matter of hours.

According to the carefully preserved formula, the making of the buns began at 6 o'clock on Friday evening before love feast was to be held on Sunday. A ferment was made of liquid yeast and potatoes and at 11 o'clock that night the sponge was made and put to rise in a bread trough. Between 4 and 5 o'clock Saturday morn-

ing the dough was made and a layer of butter an inch thick put over the top of the dough and worked into it, after which it was set to rise again. It was carried in armloads to a table, pinched off, weighed, shaped into buns with the fingers and set to rise again. A mark resembling a double cross or M was cut in the top of each to prevent its blistering in baking. And many times the entire family worked all night long in order to have enough buns for a big love feast.

In addition to the buns, Winkler's also made the sugared pretzels used instead of buns at the pretzel love feasts during the year. Candy was another item for which they were famous although fancy sweets were still largely imported from abroad. The sugar was boiled in huge copper kettles still in possession of the family, poured on marble slabs to cool, flavored and pulled from a large hook on the back of the door. When white, cochineal coloring was mixed with part of it and evenly striped on the bulk of the candy which was rolled when cold and cut by hand into different-flavored sticks.

Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, two members of the household carried a large basket of assorted cakes and stick candy to the academy, where they went to each room company and the girls were allowed to purchase as much as their allowances would permit. Love-drops and puff paste tarts were favorites which made the mouth water to look at them.

And older citizens would add, "Don't forget those old-fashioned ginger cakes and ginger pop made at Winkler's Bakery."

But eventually the property passed into private hands. The building remains essentially the same but its activities and atmosphere have yielded partially to more modern influences. Only in name is the landmark now associated with the Winklers—that family which, like a dynasty, guided its destinies through the establishment of a new republic, the War of 1812, the Civil War and the beginning of the great World War. But the Winkler tradition for delicious bread and cakes still survives in Salem of today.

ANNIE LEE SINGLETARY

THE LITTLE RED MAN

A ghost story of the early days of old Salem Tavern

By JOHN HENRY BONER

(While Salem is referred to as Schlafmutz and the characters are called by fictitious names, many readers will have no difficulty in identifying some of the early inhabitants.)

IT WAS THE DARK AFTERNOON OF A COLD DAY IN A WINTER LONG ago, between Christmas and New Year's, in the town of Schlafmutz.

Balthasor Grosnase, the pedagogue, had persistently said it was going to be a cold winter. He had heard the honking of wild geese in the sky and had seen other migratory birds going southward unusually soon; so he had prophesied of the weather with unanswerable arguments. One evening in the autumn, when smoking a pipe with Louis Drucker, whose almanack had come to be a famous annual among the farmers, the pedagogue had counseled the printer to let his weather prognostications promise many snowfalls and many hard freezes. "But you told me to do that last year," had answered Drucker, with a half apologetic laugh—for Grosnase's choleric temperament instantly repelled the slightest disparagement of opinion, and no one ever presumed to contradict him outright, excepting his wife. "Yes, you told me to do that last year," repeated Drucker, "and it did not come true. We had a green Christmas, and Peter Faul lost the only chance to fill his ice-house, because he kept waiting for thicker ice on the mill-pond." When Grosnase felt quite sure that time would vindicate him in any assertion, he was not disputative. He was never so proud as when uttering the prophet's consolatory "I told you so;" therefore he did not fly into a rage with the printer, and the two worthies passed a pleasant hour in gossip over town matters and the latest news from the far west, which was then Ohio.

Schlafmutz was a small burg nestled among the hills of North Carolina—a small town to boast such a commodious caravansary as that which adorned its principle thoroughfare; but this was



Salem Tavern, center of social life in the early days, where the first President was entertained

long, long before the day of railroads in the Old North State, and there was much travel through this place; besides, travelers would often journey an extra ten miles, even in midwinter, in order to reach the home-like comforts of the famous Schlafmutz Tavern. Such warm fires, such good food, such clean snug beds, and such faithful attention generally, from landlord, landlady, and hostler, were no every-day experience along the highway. And then the town was the seat of an exceedingly popular female academy whose patrons were numerous, representing the wealth of the cotton States, and they alone in summer filled the tavern to overflow. These grand Southern gentlemen came in magnificent style, too, with princely retinues, and their courtly manners were beautiful to behold. They paid high respect to all the peculiar customs of the village, and vied with each other in carrying away the endorsement of its good opinion.

Schlafmutz was a quaint place, utterly unlike any other settlement in the South, both morally and physically. Its inhabitants were not of the Cavaliers, nor of the Huguenots, nor yet of the Romanists, who settled much of the southern section of the country. They belonged to a peculiar foreign sect, however—a sect which, when persecuted, had found protection under the laws of Great Britain, and the "land" which they came here to colonize was a grant to their leader from Granville, then president of the Privy Council. They came under auspices which proclaimed them in many ways superior to ordinary adventurers, though on account of their Puritanic principles they were sometimes reviled, and on account of their many odd ways they were frequently laughed at. Nevertheless they were generally respected. The hardships endured and the dangers encountered by them in reaching their land and founding a settlement, where the surrounding country, for hundreds of miles in some directions, was an unknown wilderness, were astonishing. Of their adventures one record exists, in a tome now long out of print, but which may be found in certain old libraries here and there.

Architecturally, the village reminded the traveler of some berg of mediaeval Europe, with its massive stone houses, their deep-set windows and doors, their mullion and checker-work lintels, and their tile roofs. Even the wooden houses were grotesquely built,

of heavy timbers, with a view of warmth in winter and coolness in summer as well as to one of personal security at all times.

The "church" owned and controlled the settlement, granting private proprietary rights only to those of its own faith, not enforcing this restriction in a spirit of bigotry, but with zealous regard for the unity of "the brethren." The church established male and female schools; the church built "choir-houses" for the special accommodation of its single brothers and sisters, the two houses being separated by a picturesque park; the church also built a tavern, and in front of the tavern, thirty feet from the ground, the church swung a sign heralding hostelry for man and beast.

This tavern was built of bricks of immense size; its walls were thick as a feudal castle's, and its steep saddle-roof, interspersed with dormer windows, was surmounted by a cupola and bell. The lower windows were protected by green shutters of solid wood, with heavy iron hasps. The porch, or verandah, was double, and extended the length of the structure. The chimneys were gigantic. The kitchen, the floor of which was flagged with flint rock, had in it a fire-place spacious enough to receive half a cord of wood at a time. In this fireplace, which was furnished with many cranes, all the savory cooking was done. The dining-room floor, which was of oak, was kept whitely sanded.

In providing this place of rest and refreshment for the weary traveler these good folk had manifested their guileless freedom from the prejudices of many pious sects by attaching to the office-room a compartment well stocked with the best home-made and foreign liquors. This compartment was entered (by no one save the landlord or his assistant) through a door leading from the main hall, or entry, as it was called, and communicated with the office by a sliding window. The office was called The Bar. The entire revenue derived from the establishment, including the sale of spirits, was conscientiously converted to church uses, among which were municipal improvements and the sending of missionaries to heathen lands.

Originally the tavern sign had borne, in addition to its legend, a device, which the storms of years had so obliterated and which tradition had so neglected that at the date of our chronicle its

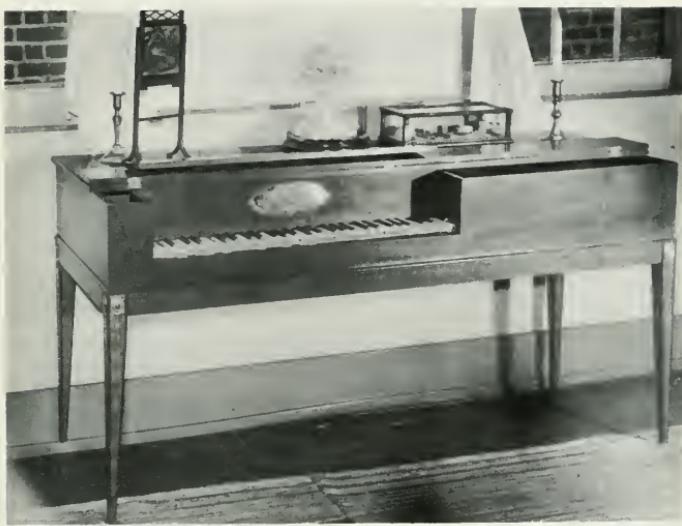
significance had become a matter of conjecture, and sometimes, it must be admitted, of quite heated controversy among the villagers. There were those—such as Wilhelm Optiz and Johann Todengraver—who contended that the now vanished picture had represented a royal crown; others—such as Heinrich Topfer and Gottlieb Rotz—that it had portrayed General Washington (who, let it be remembered, was a guest at the tavern in 1791, and for whom the paternal grand-mother—then a girl—of the editor of these chronicles had the distinguished honor of playing the piano), while one, Hans Kesselflicker, who was very old, and who, alas, had become a tippler, and was therefore not regarded as at all reliable authority, averred that the picture on the sign had been nothing more nor less than that of a big pudding, for he had painted it himself.

It was the custom of the warden of the church to lease the tavern to some reputable citizen, the warden requiring from his lease strict compliance with the letter and spirit of written articles lawfully executed. From a faded manuscript in the possession of the writer, the following items are copied, omitting names and dates, to-wit:

“The said ——— ———, having been entrusted by the said ——— ——— with the management of the House of Entertainment at Schlafmutz, the said house or houses, together with all stables, meadows, pastures, orchards, gardens, etc., are hereby delivered to his care; to superintend and manage the same faithfully, in such manner that customers and strangers may find it an agreeable House of Entertainment.

“All customers, strangers, and travellers are to be received and treated in a kind, civil and obliging manner. The Keeper of said House and his Lady will make their stay as agreeable as possible, by devoting themselves to their service, giving them good Entertainment for a reasonable Price, keeping the house, rooms, and everything cleanly, and taking particular care that clean and comfortable Bedding be always provided.

“The Keeper of said house will have a watchful eye upon the Bar-Keeper—if he has one—and hostler, that they may perform the duties incumbent upon them in a proper and becoming manner, demeaning themselves in a respectful and accommodating



*Piano in the Wachovia Museum which
was played for the entertainment of George
Washington upon his visit to Salem in 1791*

manner towards Ladies and Gentlemen, and take good care of their horses, &c. Though they may occasionally receive a gratuity from them, they shall never demand any, and in case they should be found guilty of asking any money, they shall forthwith be dismissed.

"The Keeper of said house will, in particular, not suffering any species of gambling, fighting, cursing and swearing, immoral conduct, frolics, balls, dancing, unlawful assemblies of minors, or disorderly meetings, or political party dinners or suppers, nor will he tolerate assemblies of minors on Sundays during Church Time in or upon the premises, or anything at variance with the proper observance of Lord's Day, nor permit anything in the nature of theatrical Exhibitions or Shows. If any of our young people under age should loiter about, or under any pretence spend their time on the premises or amongst the customers, the Keeper of said House is expressly desired to show them off, and if he should not be obeyed, to give timely notice thereof to their parents, masters, or guardians. * * *

"In conducting this House of Entertainment on principles of Strict Temperance in regard to the use of spirituous Liquors, he will not deal out any to such as are intoxicated before they enter the house, nor will he permit any to drink to excess on the premises. He will be particularly careful to observe this rule whenever crowds of people are attending, for instance at Easter and other holy days, also at burials, elections and the like occasions. * * * The good example of himself and family, and their avowed endeavors to honor by word and deed the Gospel, and conforming to our town rules and regulations, cannot but have a good effect and influence upon others."

Surrounded by such comforts as those which the keeper of the Schlafmutz Tavern was accustomed to provide, it is no wonder that travelers were anxious to arrive and unwilling to depart. The austerity of character which distinguished the little village in its earlier years had gradually yielded to more liberal customs, though "the world" was still kept away, and such liberties as were taken with new manners were quite harmless.

On the afternoon of that cold day between Christmas and New Year's, in the winter which was fulfilling the prophecy of Herr



Stairway in Salem Tavern

Grosnase, the landlord of the Schlafmutz Tavern—Christian Ingle—sat before the fire of his bar snugly hugging himself in a quilted blue gown and wearing on his bald head a black silk skull-cap. Occasionally a nod of uncommon gravity aroused him from snoozing, and he would go out on the porch to consult his thermometer and take note of its indications for future reference. Perhaps this day would come to be known as “the cold day,” and he could then give accurate information as to the degrees of temperature on the historic occasion. He had kept memoranda of many important events, and was always proud to be questioned about them. For instance, he could tell when “the dark Saturday” occurred—a strange midsummer morning when the heavens suddenly grew wrathful and soul-appalling darkness fell on the town, so that many persons actually expected the world to come to an end. He could give the exact date when, on the occasion of another sudden thunder storm, many swallows, in frantic flight for their chimneys, had been impaled on the points of the lightning rods.

It grew colder and colder. Retreating hurriedly from the biting wind which swept fiercely down the deserted street, Herr Ingle would liberally replenish the immense iron fire-dogs with logs of seasoned hickory and delight in watching the flames take hold of the wood. A tall eight day Dutch clock ticked drowsily away in a corner of the office, its glass face cheerily reflecting the glow of the bed of coals.

It was a lazy afternoon throughout the whole house. The landlord's lady, as she was designed in the lease, sat by her own fire, softly humming a ballad that she had loved when a girl, and thinking with pride of her fine boy baby asleep in his cradle, which was rocked indolently to the measure of the cadence by Nance, a favorite little slave. The maids were huddled together in their own private room over a secret book of wonderful romances, in which delirious lovers meet by stealth to elude cruel parents, and finally married and were forever after happy. They were white girls, three in number, and were always uniformed in snowy aprons and Normandy caps. Jim, the negro cook, a mastodon in size, flanked by his scullions snored by the kitchen fire.

The negro whose duty it was to attend to the office, having carried in numerous armsfull of wood and piled it by the hearth



*To meet the demands of the 19th Century,
the Tavern was expanded as shown in this
picture. Early in the 20th Century the
annex was detached but, for the most part,
remains standing.*

for the night, leisurely proceeded to burnish the brass candlesticks and snuffers on the desk and to replenish with lard the great metal lamp which hung by the door. It was his custom while engaged in these duties to venture facetious colloquialism with his kind master, which was always tolerated and frequently encouraged; but to-day the man was noticeably thoughtful and reticent.

"What, Dick," said Herr Ingle, taking a pinch of snuff, "have you swallowed your tongue?"

"No, sah," solemnly answered the servant, with a counterfeit of his usual happy grin.

"Have you seen a spook then, Dick?"

"No, sah. Leaswise I ain't seed none, sah; but deys bin one seen."

It was not the policy of wiser heads in those days to dissipate the superstitious beliefs of children and servants. Such beliefs were rather fostered, with a view to the correction of refractory conduct or larcenous proclivities. Indeed the belief in apparitions was not confined to children and servants. By many persons, and among that number many of the worthy citizens of the village of Schlaflmutz, the mystical subject was regarded with profound respect.

"Ah-ha?" said Herr Ingle interrogatively, while he nodded his head in a way which indicated to Dick that one might expect to be visited at any time by a hobgoblin.

"Yas, sah," responded the negro, with dilating eyes; "dat little man bin seen agin."

"What little man, Dick?"

"De Little Red Man, sah!"

"A-h-h-a!"

This time the ejaculation of the landlord was in a different tone, and was delivered with a different inflection. He rose and stood with his back to the fire and regarded Dick for some time with a serious face. Then he opened his tortoise snuff-box again, and poising a pinch of Macaboy near his nose, he added:—

"Who has seen the Little Red Man?"

Before he had finished speaking, the door opened, and old Kesselflicker, the tippler, hurriedly slipped in from the cold entry-

way, arching his back against the draft of wind and burying his grisly chin in multiplied folds of a green woolen scarf. Briskly shuffling to a chair by the fire-place, the privileged lounger, without greeting the host, spread his benumbed fingers to the warm glow and ordered a drink of brandy and nutmeg, which was duly served, and served with some degree of courtesy, too, for Kesselflicker, though only a day laborer at odd jobs always paid his honest score. The landlord was about to repeat his question to the servant, when he noticed that Kesselflicker was convulsed with inaudible laughter. This old fellow was an inveterate practical joker. He being a jack-of-all-trades, and having been engaged for a week or more at repairing the cellar steps and shelving of the Brethren's House—the home of the legendary ghost—it dawned on Herr Ingle that his jocose customer was at the bottom of a hoax; and it took but an extra jorum of brandy to coax from him a confession. When Dick retired, Kesselflicker told how on the preceding night when the young brethren were quietly having a good time at their choir-house, in celebration of the holidays, he had slipped a red flannel blouse over his head and gone to frighten them; how, in the midst of a half-suppressed peal of merry laughter, he had popped his head in at the door of the refectory, where they were congregated, and shouted "I-yi! I-yi! I-yi!" and how a panic and a stampede had followed, resulting in his getting a bowl of hot punch gratis and in wild rumors about the reappearance of a long-laid spectre.

This ludicrous revelation was in truth very comforting to Herr Ingle, for he, in common with other villagers, while skeptical as to spooks generally, really believed in the Little Red Man.

The story went that years ago a curious dwarf, who always wore a red flannel blouse, was employed by the Brethren at their communal house as a sort of janitor. He was reputed to have come from somewhere near the Black Forest, in Germany, where, it was whispered, he had probably done some dark deed, for he not only steadfastly refused to give any history of his life, but would not even tell his real name. When asked what he should be called, he winked wickedly and said "Rothes Hanslein," which means, literally, Red Little Jacket. At first this strange little fellow was eyed with very great suspicion, but he conducted himself so decently

that he soon came to be regarded with but little curiosity. One night—the same night in which the preacher's fine horse strayed from the unlocked stable, (and was never afterwards heard of)—the Brethren's house was discovered to be on fire. With great difficulty the flames were extinguished. The remarkable absence of the janitor was not seriously wondered at for an hour after all danger was over, when diligent inquiry was made for him. Knowing that through strange caprice, he sometimes slept in what was called "the deep cellar" (and it is so called to this day), the bewildered brethren instituted search for him there. To the consternation of all, the red blouse which the dwarf had never been seen without was found lying on the cellar floor; but the dwarf himself could not be found, and he was never again seen. One of the brethren—the last to ascend the steep rock steps leading from the cellar that night—averred that when he glanced back over his shoulder he saw, by the dim light of his candle, two green devilish eyes glaring in the darkness, and that he distinctly heard a fiendish voice utter an imprecation. Certain it is that after that event the Deep Cellar was said and believed to be haunted.

"It will be all the talk to-night," said old Kesselflicker, chuckling as he rewound his green scarf about his neck and shuffled out.

The landlord poked the fire and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

It was the custom of the older burgers to congregate in the Bar of the Schlafmutz Tavern regularly after nightfall. A semi-circle of high fan-backed chairs was always arranged for them by the host, and there they sat and smoked their pipes and talked over town affairs. The intellectual horizon of this nightly assemblage was not a very comprehensive one, yet subjects more weighty than the construction of a new dwelling or the building of a bridge, or the best method of fattening swine, were not infrequently discussed. They who composed these meetings were mostly tradesmen and mechanics, though now and then one of the scholarly and more seclusive element joined them. However, no stranger would have taken those worthies as they sat around the fire for simple shop-workers. They showed a rigid refinement of dress and an inflexible gravity of deportment which made them quite distinguished looking. Many the innocent jokes by that fire-side; many



Stairway to Deep Cellar of the Brothers' House

the sage councils as well, and many the words of goodfellowship, of hearty kindness, and of noble human sympathy there spoken. But woe unto the young scion who by word or deed violated the time-honored customs of his fathers or compromised before strangers the dignity of the reputable village. This fire-side conclave was to such an one a secret and a fearful tribunal.

Night drew on. The cold was so intense that the windows of all the houses were caked with frost. At the street pumps great icicles had formed. The town watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the dark streets and sound the hours by blowing a conch-shell, thought with dread of his approaching service as he looked at his lantern and staff; and the villagers who had settled in their accustomed places by the tavern fire and lighted their long-stemmed pipes thought of the passengers by the incoming stage-coach with fear for their safety in the bitter cold, for the coach had many miles to travel from the nearest settlement.

All the chairs were occupied, and when Herr Grosnase stalked into the bar, great was the civility manifested in proffering that dignitary a place. There was Glockner, who kept the key to the church and rang the church bell every day at exactly fifteen minutes before high noon, to inform the village of dinner-time; there was Drucker, who printed the famous almanac; there was Buchenshmeid, who made guns so honestly that many of his pieces passed into heirlooms and are just as good to-day as ever, if one knows how to manage the flint and priming; there was Schneider, the tailor, whose father had repaired the surtout of Lord Cornwallis when he passed through Schlafmutz on his way to Yorktown; there was Zinner, the clink of whose busy hammer on copper and tin could be heard, day by day; there was Graver, the miller, who never took a spoonful too much toll; all the cronies were there.

The conversation which the entrance of the pedagogue interrupted was concerning the rumored re-appearance of the specter at the Brothers' House after so long an interval. The subject was treated with semi-jocularity; but each worthy asking his neighbor what he thought about it too plainly manifested that the resurrection of the long-laid ghost was almost sincerely believed in.

After Herr Grosnase had ceremoniously unlaced his great cloak, taken it off, and with imposing deliberation laid it over the back of his chair, he scrutinized the company through the gleaming double-convex lenses of his golden spectacles, and he then asked with some severity:

“What is this I hear about Rothes Hanslein?”

The landlord, who paced to and fro, as was his custom, manipulated his yellow silk handkerchief and glanced at Kesselflicker, who shifted his pipe and glanced from under his slouched hat brim at the landlord.

The circumstance of the apparition was respectfully related to Herr Grosnase by Glockner, who, while on his way to ring the church bell that noon, had received the facts from one of the young brethren that witnessed the appearance. For some time the entire body of burgers gazed mutely at the fire and twirled their thumbs.

The presence of Herr Grosnase imposed on them an awkward silence, for the pedagogue's learning was so great and his deportment so assertive that he was really almost feared.

The silence was broken by Kesselflicker who ventured to say emolliently that he feared the reappearance of the ghost at the Brothers' House boded no good for the town, for it was a notorious fact that some calamity had invariably followed the coming of the specter. The landlord sighed an affirmative response to this lamentation as he stood looking innocently up at the high Dutch clock, with his hands crossed behind him.

“Nonsense!” roared Herr Grosnase, with such stentorian voice that Buchensmeid and Glockner rubbed their knees with nervous apprehension. “Nonsense,” reiterated the autocrat, emitting sharp jets of smoke from his pipe and glaring fixedly at Kesselflicker. And he then gave it as his conviction, which had been arrived at by cogitation on the subject for some time, that the young brethren at the choir-house were no better morally than they should be; and that they indulged in amusements which were decidedly questionable. Had not young Himmel, one of their number, the occasional church organist, on a recent Sunday been under some such unaccountable influence that he could not play for the congregation one of their most familiar hymns, but befuddled the singers by a jumble of insane chords, so that the

preacher had to call on him to lead the singing? Had not lights been seen in the windows of the Brothers' House late at night—once even after midnight? These young men needed looking after, and he would have them to know that his eye was on them. They must not be playing such pranks and concocting ghost-stories to frighten the weak-minded and to terrorize children. The Little Red Man indeed! Bah! Pshaw! Who but a fool would seriously hear of such stuff!

"But" mildly interposed old Kesselflicker, "the brothers say, one and all, that they saw the thing sure enough."

"Saw the thing sure enough" mimicked the pedagogue contemptuously. "Then why must they behave like children? Why did they run from it? Why did they not make for it and make an end of it? Bah! I would have kicked it. Bah!"

In the silence which ensued, the music of the horn of the stage-coach was heard in the distance, and each worthy glanced at the clock, felt relieved to know that Grosnase's sermonizing would soon be diverted, and that they would have the pleasure perhaps of seeing some visitor from the outside world.

It was a signal always understood that if the driver of the coach blew a second time he had passengers aboard; and now for the second time the music of his horn came on the wind, and soon the grating of wheels on the frozen earth could be heard.

The coming of the coach was nightly to the burgers a more or less stirring episode. To the landlord it was always a moment of considerable agitation; and now, while he trimmed the candles at the high desk where a register laid open, with ink and goose-quills by it, the servants rushed through the hall and congregated on the sidewalk ready to do the duty of the famous house of entertainment.

After a final prolonged flourish of the melodious horn, the coach came briskly on against the tattering wind and swung up to the stepping-stone, the four horses champing their bits and shaking their harness, impatient for the stable. Three young men alighted, muffled in great-coats, and hurriedly made for the bar.

The boot of the coach was unstrapped, the baggage tumbled out and carried in, and Dick, who held the lantern, was turning away, when the driver called out:



*A Stage Coach that stopped at the Salem
Tavern—now in the Wachovia Museum*

"Ho-ho—one more, Dick—one more passenger."

"One a-moa" echoed the studulous voice; and a dwarfish figure came climbing down over the front wheel, and, having reached the ground, stood tiptoe to receive from the driver a box as large as himself. The box was closely covered with a blanket, and seemed to require careful handling. The dwarf too was wrapped in a blanket, over which a waggish black beard hung, and his head was enveloped in a turban of red.

Dick with his lantern curiously examined this uncommon-looking visitor, observing that he wore earrings like a lady, and had a skin like leather.

"Take that fellow in, Dick," the driver shouted as he turned his horses for the stable-yard, "and tell your master that I picked him up on the road, and that he wants to lay in the stable to-night; at least that's all I could make out of his perlarver, for he can't even talk dog-latin."

The servant with his light and the dwarf with his box were about to enter the tavern, when the driver, checking his team, called back, "Here, Dick, fetch me that box. I'll just pitch it into the stable loft for the scamp. My opinion is that he is the devil anyhow. Don't go too near him, or you'll get bit, for he's got"—

The startling admonition was cut short by the frantic efforts of the dwarf to recover his box, which the servant had seized and adroitly flung on top of the coach, which was again in motion. The turning wheel rolled the little fellow to the ground, and rising in a rage he approached Dick with wrathful gestures and rapid unintelligible words. The negro fled, closely pursued; and dashing into the bar, he shut the door, and braced it with his knee.

The three young travelers, having informed their host that they were college students from a neighboring State on a holiday visit to the noted town of Schlafmutz, were stirring toddies with much hilarity at the window of the spirit-room; and they were being closely scrutinized by the company of silent worthies, who twirled their thumbs and seemed to be gazing into the fire. All eyes suddenly turning to the frightened servant, whose demonstration was inexplicable, Herr Grosnase felt it incumbent on himself to master the situation.

"What mean you, sir?" he asked austerely, as he approached the negro and glanced at the new guests a stately apology for the servant's conduct, "Who is out there?"

"De debbil, sah," whispered the negro with wide eyes and shortening breath.

The citizens turned stiffly in their chairs and looked about. The young gentlemen stirring their toddies whispered to each other, exchanged winks, and dashed off their jorums. Then one of them commanded a servant to open the door.

The negro retreated; the door flew open, and the dwarf, with a fiendish face, entered.

The blanket which he wore fell from around him and revealed a blouse of red.

"Der Kleine Rothe Mann!"

This was whispered by half a dozen voices. Kesselflicker was slipping out of one door, Herr Grosnase out of the other, and the landlord stood transfixed behind his decanter and glasses. The negro was gone. The dwarf stood mute, his features slowly relaxing to a grin. There was a movement under the red blouse, at the spot which seemed to be a hunch on the dwarf's back. A long dark something fell to the floor with the undulation of a snake and was drawn up again. This phenomenon was not seen by any except Herr Grosnase, and the students, who stood at the dwarf's back.

The pedagogue sank to the floor in a faint.

"Why, good gentlemen," said the elder student, "why this alarm?"

No one answered.

A thought seemed to strike the three students simultaneously. Advancing together in front of the dwarf, each gesticulated with his right arm as if turning a crank, and they questioned the strange creature with their eyes.

The dwarf uttered a shrill succession of gibberish sounds and darted from the room, followed by the students.

Meantime Kesselflicker had disappeared. At this moment he was pounding vigorously on the shutters of the bishop's house; and that reverend dignitary, appearing with a candle in his hand, heard a faltering voice in the darkness, "Quick—quick—to the

tavern!" And the bishop, as soon as his lantern was made ready, hurried out.

Herr Grosnase was carefully raised from the floor and laid on a settee. A strong drink partially restored him to consciousness, and he held another in his hand to fortify the first. The good landlady, attended by her maids, surrounded the pedagogue, while the dumbfounded landlord whispered with the citizens.

Suddenly there burst upon the assemblage a peal of unearthly sound. At the same moment a huge dog, upsetting men and chairs, ran yelping through the bar, chased by a little imp which had hold of the dog's tail and trailed on the floor a prehensile appendage of its own. The wild music drew nearer and nearer and broke in at the very door of the room, its vibratory shrillness complemented by a deafening chorus from the three students.

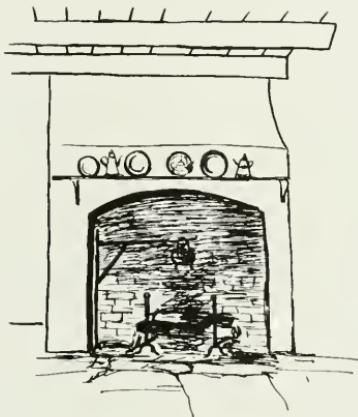
A frantic stampede was imminent, when the landlady, who had preserved a sedate equanimity throughout, pointed to the door with a shout of laughter, and in marched the wretched little Italian organ-grinder, whose monkey now released the howling dog and began to dance in the middle of the floor.

How those dignified old burgers would ever have separated creditably might have been an awkward matter. They were at least saved this embarrassment by the appearance upon the scene of a most unlooked-for personage. Suddenly in the midst of them stood their bishop, at whose indignant and imperious command the organ-grinder ceased playing, and the astonished students became silent. The bishop spoke not a word. He saw about him what seemed to be evidences of a carouse such as he had never dreamed of witnessing in *Schlafmutz*. His angered and bewildered eye roamed from one to another until he espied Herr Grosnase lying on the settee with a glass of liquor in his hand and surrounded by the maids. Then his choked voice found vent, but in only four words: "This is too much!" He caught the pedagogue by the ear and sat him up. He clutched the lapel of the pedagogue's coat and led him out. Not a tongue moved.

Worse than all, poor old Kesselflicker firmly convinced that the devil had really come in the shape of the Little Red Man, but so tangibly that he might possibly be destroyed, found his way through the darkness to the church and furiously rang the bell

for an alarm, and half-clad citizens ran wildly out into the night crying "fire," but could find none.

For many a day the ludicrous mistakes of that night were related.



THE JOHN VOGLER HOUSE

THE HOUSE STANDING ON THE CORNER OF MAIN AND WEST STREETS is a monument to its builder. Erected in 1819, built along the sturdy lines employed by Moravian architecture, it remains today as a significant reminder of what was good and substantial in the past of the community of Salem.

This is the John Vogler House. It was built by a man of genius and character, whose forebears came to North Carolina from New England in 1770. They took residence in the settlement of Broadbay, and it was there that John Vogler, son of Michael Vogler and Anna Maria Kunzel, was born in 1783. He was granted permission to move to Salem shortly after his nineteenth birthday. From that time to the present day the community of Salem has been enriched by the life and work of this gifted man. Versatile as he was, no contribution made by him is more conspicuous today than the house he erected as a family residence.

The building was constructed on what was known in former times as Lot number 64. When he acquired the property the corner was occupied by the Reuter House, started in 1771 and completed in 1772 by Gottlieb Reuter. In acquiring the Reuter House, John Vogler became heir to its "improvements." Shortly thereafter he moved this house to the rear of the lot, where it still remains, and began construction of the pleasant, well planned brick residence which stands today with dignity at 700 South Main Street.

The plans, as usual in such cases, were submitted to the Church Board for approval. They contained provision for a brick residence of two stories, to front and be built directly on Main Street. The house proper was to measure forty by thirty-two feet. Additional plans outlined for future erection a small wing, to be fourteen by twelve feet. This addition was to contain a laundry and a smithy. Vogler drew his own plans, and it is reported that they were complete in all respects save one. Tradition has it that he was a somewhat bewildered man when, after viewing his plans with warm approval, a member of the Board announced that



The John Vogler House, built in 1819

there was one serious omission. In his concern with substantial construction, perfection of line, and detail, young Vogler had failed to include an important adjunct to a two story house known as a staircase! Probably this caused merriment, but the gifted planner was not dismayed. He calmly stated that he would insert a staircase without changing any essential lines of his proposed home. This he did, and the narrow, steep staircase at the back of the hall, much resembling a ship's companionway, is probably a verification of this interesting story.

A monograph on Salem by the American Institute of Architects is mainly concerned with plans and cross sections of detail employed in construction of the Vogler House. The fact that this house is the only building in Salem thus treated is proof that its builder possessed architectural talent in no mean degree. The interesting inequality of distance between the front windows on both sides of the house is revealed. The dentil adornment above the windows and across the top of the house is interesting to a degree. Solid brick construction in outer and inner walls is taken up in some detail. A close study of the plans of this house show that the builder understood tensile strength and other cardinal principles of architecture. The graciousness of proportion in various rooms, the charm of Dutch corner fireplaces, with flaring arches, and the broad, perfectly hung doors exist today as proof that John Vogler was a man of considerable genius.

It is interesting to know that his descendants are at present prominent citizens of the community. They have never permitted the house built by their ancestor to pass from family possession.

IDA WILKINSON

THE LAND OFFICE

IN BUILDING THE WARDEN'S HOUSE IN 1797, THE MORAVIAN forefathers adhered to the European custom of placing their buildings flush with the street. Where then but in old Salem will you find a house climbing backward up a steep hill and ending half-way up the hill, with the front door at the rear?

The warden, or Treasurer, of Salem Congregation, who had charge of the external affairs of the Congregation, such as keeping buildings and streets in repair, was to live and hold office in this building. It was therefore substantially constructed of brick with rough rock foundation, which, in years later when the steep part of Bank Street was cut down, was covered with gray stucco. The large basement opening on Main Street was used as a storage room for repair materials and as a laundry room, with cellars in the rear. The Warden lived upstairs and had his office in the northwest room, the entrance being from Bank Street, up rock steps, into the yard, and front-back porch and only outside door.

The first Warden to occupy this house was Samuel Stotz, who was followed by five others, the last one being Rev. Samuel Thomas Pfahl, who died in 1876. After his death his widowed daughter, Mrs. Mary Landquist, occupied the rooms and in one of them conducted, for some years, a primary school which will be recalled by many of her former pupils.

About that time various changes were made in the administration of the finances of the Moravian Church. The Warden's office was abolished and Mr. James T. Lineback, who had been book-keeper and surveyor for the Province, in the Administration Office, was appointed Treasurer of the Southern Province of the Moravian Church, of Salem Congregation, and of Mission Funds—with offices in the old laundry and store room on Main Street. These were renovated and furnished for the Treasurer and his brother-assistant, Mr. J. A. Lineback, and called locally the Land Office. Here the financial affairs of the whole Southern Province of the Moravian Church were administered: land was sold after being surveyed, accounts were kept and funds were

cared for. Moravian literature was sold here: hymnbooks, textbooks, Passion Week Manuals; as well as Bibles from the American Bible Society. The maps and surveyor's records left by Mr. Lineback have furnished valuable information and are still consulted. Mr. J. T. Lineback resigned in 1904 and was succeeded by Mr. J. A. Lineback, who resigned in 1914, at which time Mr. E. H. Stockton was elected Treasurer. The increase in funds handled had made it necessary to construct a strong, fire-proof vault in part of the deep cellar in the rear of the southwest office. The work of the office having increased very materially, a change in location was considered necessary, and in 1930, during the administration of Rev. E. H. Stockton, the building erected in 1896 as a Boys' School House having become vacant, the office was transferred to the main floor of that building, which provided more space. This is now called the Moravian Church Office.

Thus ended the Church's use of the Warden's House except as a residence for ministers and their families. And now the offices are occupied by tenants; sewing machines and yard sticks take the place of surveying instruments, ledgers and typewriters; dresses and furniture slip covers are carried out of the old Land Office.

CATHERINE ELIZABETH LEINBACH





The Land Office on South Main Street

THE BLUM HOUSE

THE HOME OF SALEM'S PIONEER PUBLISHER, JOHN CHRISTIAN BLUM, still stands at 724 South Main Street. *The Weekly Gleaner*, the first newspaper in this section of North Carolina, was published in 1829 by this aggressive and versatile writer. Mr. Blum and his bachelor sons, Levi V. and Edward T. Blum operated the print shop in Salem for more than sixty years, beginning 1827. In this same house on Main Street the Blums kept a quaint old book shop, selling books of all kinds, and during the holiday season carried an especially fine selection of Christmas cards and folders. The finest of these were Christmas scenes in color, with the snow "frosted" on, giving a scintillating brilliance, and the cards bordered with silk fringe in wondrous colors.

The print shop, which stood at the rear of the home, was torn down many years ago. However, the old printing press, together with copies of *The Weekly Gleaner*, *The Farmers' Reporter and Rural Repository*, and *The Peoples' Press*, published by the Blums, are today preserved in the Wachovia Museum in Salem.

Blum's Almanac has made its yearly appearance since its first publication in 1828 by John Christian Blum. This publication is in great demand throughout this section, and many farmers would not dare plant a crop without first consulting the signs of the zodiac as given in the almanac. The household hints, and jokes, as well as many interesting facts in the almanac are sufficient in number to last through the winter. The cuts of today are the very same quaint cuts used in the almanac in the very beginning.

The Peoples' Press, established in 1851 by John Christian Blum and his sons, Levi V. and Edward T. Blum, succeeded the early publications of the Blums. They published *The Peoples' Press* until 1890 when it was acquired by Clarence Crist and George Keehn. In 1892 *The Peoples' Press* was purchased by and consolidated with the *Western Sentinel*.

Both John Henry Boner, the beloved poet of Salem, and his cousin, Francis Eugene Boner, literary geniuses, were at one time on the staff of *The Peoples' Press*. One of John Henry Boner's



John Christian Blum, Salem's Pioneer Publisher

prose articles appears elsewhere in this book. John Henry Boner, with the sanction of the Blums, established *The Salem Observer* in 1867, but it lasted only a year, for Boner was soon thereafter called to other fields.

Francis Eugene Boner established the *Western Sentinel* in May 1856. However, ill health cut short the newspaper career of this brilliant man, and after his death a few years later it passed through several hands until in 1890 it was bought by J. O. Foy, who owned the five year old Winston paper, *The Twin City Daily*. Mr. Foy then added the word "Sentinel" to his daily paper, thus calling it *The Twin City Daily Sentinel*. The words Twin City Sentinel still appear in the name of our daily afternoon newspaper. Thus the history of the *Sentinel*, as established by Frances Boner, goes back eighty-five years, but the chain of publication of newspapers, forged link by link by men of ability and perseverance goes back to the first publication of *The Weekly Gleaner* in 1829.

ALGINE FOY NEELY



The Blum House—724 South Main Street

OLD SALEM GARDENS

THE GARDEN LOVERS OF OLD SALEM MIGHT HAVE BEEN ROUGHLY grouped in three classes; first, those who grew vegetables; second, those who specialized in trees and shrubs; third, those who preferred flowers. Of course there was much overlapping, but a few notes may be made of those gardens which tradition places in the first place in each class, for, alas, most of these gardens are no more.

Practically half of the adult population of Salem belonged in the first class, for every household of necessity had its vegetable garden. It is said that Dr. J. F. Shaffner introduced the first tomatoes, "love-apples," supposed to be poisonous, and planted for beauty until experience led to their admission into the food class.

The garden of Mrs. L. M. Fries lay low, along Tar Branch, its chief feature a very long hot-bed, in which were started the plants which were transplanted into the rows running the width of the garden. Equally typical of another location was the de Schweinitz garden, on the eastern slope of the hill behind Church Street. The hill was terraced and the terraces were laid off in squares, with grass walks between, and a grass bleaching-ground to the side. Around the edges were "keys of heaven" and lilacs, and other flowers, and in the early spring the "wash-house flowers" (bluets) bloomed profusely behind the small house in which the family laundering was done. Currants, gooseberries and raspberries also belonged in these vegetable gardens, and wherever possible there were one or two apple trees, peaches, plums, a damson tree, and a quince tree for jelly. An asparagus bed was a prized addition to some gardens.

In the second class the town of Salem as a whole led with its public Square with rows of sycamore and other trees; and the Cedar Avenue leading by God's Acre. The Square still exists, as beautiful as ever, but the ancient cedars finally succumbed to city smoke and age, and had to be replaced by willow oaks. Of the privately owned lawns the oldest well remembered was the

one on South Church Street belonging to Mr. Felix Leinbach, which had a magnolia, fine cypress trees, and other evergreens not commonly grown in Salem.

Further north on Church Street was the home of Mr. James Lineback, almost buried in evergreens, tree box and hedge box, and oaks covered with ivy. He is said to have introduced the acuba to the community, and liked to raise all kinds of odd things, among them a pink lily-of-the-valley.

At the south end of Cherry Street there were two well kept lawns. Both had fine old forest oaks and large elms as foundation planting. In addition the Patterson lot had large tree box, and in the side lot an interesting circle of cedars. In the Fries place there was a rather large variety of ornamental trees, such as Japan Gingko and Kentucky Coffee Tree and Magnolia Grandiflora, several kinds of maple, and numerous flowering shrubs, also a circle of English box-bushes, and a Euonymous hedge.

There were many flower lovers in old Salem, and quite a number of gardens are remembered for their beauty. The first to specialize in roses was Miss Lucinda Bagge. Her house stood east of Church Street, and had a garden sloping eastward down the hill, laid off in small circular plots. The space immediately around her house was full of roses, which persisted long after her day, and until her house was torn down to make way for the Rondthaler Memorial Building.

All along that hillside were gardens. The Schuman-Bahnson garden still exists and will have its own article in this book. The de Schweinitz garden has already been mentioned but its fine box bushes may be noted. North of that was a house occupied by Mr. Charles Kremer; and that front yard was full of flowers,—white violets, lilies-of-the-valley, crocuses, single hyacinths, snow-drops (now called snow-flakes by the florists); and there was a tree of blue plums which in season were exchanged for early June apples from the de Schweinitz garden.

Further down Church Street was the garden of the Academy, largely cultivated by the pupils who delighted in their little flower beds. Two or three summer-houses added to the attractiveness of the place, which was a favorite resort for picnickers. Beside the stream which runs through the Academy Pleasure Grounds were



Garden of the Misses Pfohl on Academy and Liberty Streets

blue forget-me-nots, brought from Europe by some returning traveler, one tradition says Miss Addie Herman and another gives the credit to Mrs. Denke, both teachers in the Academy in their day.

The Philip Reich garden had a climbing fern as its specialty. The Sisters House had a large garden which persisted until the building of the Alice Clewell Dormitory of Salem College. The garden of the old Salem Tavern ran back to what is now called Tar Branch, then a clear little brook, and large cedars with benches under them afforded a delightful resting place for travelers. The Peterson garden, on Salt Street, (South Liberty Street) was surrounded by a rock wall, covered with a Mexican Pear which was much admired.

Back of Winkler's bakery, on Main Street, there was a garden with walks spread with tan-bark brought from the tan-yard, also a summer house, and many flowers. Mrs. Winkler made funeral designs before there was a professional florist in the town. Many of the gardens used flat stones instead of tan-bark, others had the grass walks already mentioned. The Land Office Building, further up Main Street, had a garden with many flowers,—hollyhocks, blue-bottles, hyacinths, "keys of heaven," purple shade, star of Bethlehem, twelve o'clocks, four o'clocks, bleeding heart, and the recently introduced honeysuckle vine, whose fragrant sprays of bloom were in demand for the young ladies to wear to parties.

The Brothers' House garden, on the west side of Main Street, like the Tavern garden, ran back to and across the Branch, and offered space for both vegetables and flowers. Further north on Main Street were the sunken gardens, of which the Mickey garden had box bordered squares and grape arbors and the Welfare garden had cedar trees and holly and many flowers. It is said that Miss Jane Welfare brought the anemone to the community, and that she was constantly trying something new.

In addition to her vegetable garden Mrs. L. M. Fries had many flowers, and a small greenhouse, which was half pit. There she grew camellias and other winter-blooming flowers, and under the slat floor, on the ground, she had a beautiful moss which could be used to great advantage with her flowers. Mr. Edward Belo had a larger greenhouse at his home, and a fine formal garden.



In the Garden of the Brothers' House

For those who did not have greenhouses a southern window provided place for such winter-blooming flowers as calla lilies, cyclamen, geraniums, and primroses, grown in the flower pots made in the Salem potter-shop. Others wintered their more tender plants in pits, so dug that they had plenty of sunlight, and could be protected in severe weather. Still others built small glassed-in rooms on the ground against the south wall of the house, and wintered their more tender plants there.

Mention may be made of a few other shrubs and flowers which were usually found in the gardens of old Salem—syringa, sweet-shrub, snowball, cydonia, crocus, flowering almond, spirea, althea; tiger lilies, madonna lilies, fire lilies, white day lilies, red spider lilies; white and blue iris; saffron, marigolds, scabiosa, bachelors buttons, old maids (zinnias), lantana, Johnnie-jump-up, phlox, verbena, moleweed, petunia, portulacca, butter-and-eggs, violets, touch-me-not, jonquils; woodbine, trumpet-vine, cypress-vine, hop-vine, and the white star jessamine. Most of the old gardens also had their beds of herbs. Mint and parsley, sage and thyme were common, then there were rue and tansy and wormwood, summer savory and "katta benedict" (*cardus benedictus*). And surely no old garden was complete without lavender, and rosemary—"that's for remembrance!"

ADELAIDE L. FRIES



THE VAN VLECK SISTERS

TODAY THERE IS A VACANT SPACE ON MAIN STREET WHERE, FOR SO many generations, stood the Van Vleck house, later known as Miss Amy's house. Here the sisters, Miss Lou and Miss Amy, lived together for years and years. It was a small house, yet it had a number of rooms, each one crowded, as memory recalls, with heirlooms and mementos. Everything in the house had a history. Built flush with the street, there was a little front stoop, all latticed in except for an oval opening on two sides, like an old fashioned frame for a face looking out.

On the north side was a tangled garden where honeysuckle ran riot, and sweet shrub grew almost to the eaves of the house. As neighbors rocked on their front porches on summer evenings, they enjoyed the fragrance of the old garden even far up the street.

The sisters were regarded with affection by all their acquaintances, which were very many, for their family had been residents of Salem since the early 1800's. Miss Amy liked to relate that they were descended from the dukes of Argyll, and had a big silver watch and the family seal that had been the property of her noble ancestors. The peculiarities of these ladies only served to endear them to the community. They were cultured, and musical to such a degree that they were in almost constant demand for entertainments and evening parties. There were no movies in their day, and music was a major feature of entertainment. They played duets both on piano, and piano and guitar; they sang too, and Miss Amy was a wonderful accompanist. She was truly a born musician, for old programs show that she played besides piano and guitar, organ, violin, and mandolin.

One whose accompaniments she often played, says of her: "I doubt if there ever has been any one person anywhere, who played so willingly, and for so many years, (she was ninety-three when she died) and has to adapt herself to the ways and mood of so many different persons." Noted musicians who came from New York, Boston and other large cities expected to find a distinguished performer to accompany them. When they saw little Miss

Amy they thought she could never play the parts; after the first rehearsal, however, they were relieved, expressing surprise and satisfaction.

Childish recollection of Miss Lou and Miss Amy pictures the dear old ladies—though no one dared call them old—in their quaint and handsome dresses. It was a source of wonder where and when these Godey's Ladies' Book gowns were made, with their shirrings, ruffles, pleats and puffs. Miss Lou's gray hair was always looped back over her ears, and she wore a neat little cap of black lace. She delighted to gather the children round her and to tell them stories. These always began "Once upon a time, many, many years ago." Miss Amy's hair stayed brown, and she wore a row of finger curls across her forehead. She was quite vain of her hair, which reached the floor. She related that the poet, John Henry Boner, sometimes called on her, and once had asked her to take down her hair. Of course she didn't—dear mother would have been shocked!

The sisters were devoted, and never spoke of each other except as "dear Sister." Miss Lou considered Miss Amy a "tender blossom," as the baby of the family, and a tender blossom she remained to the older sister, even to sixty years, and as long as Miss Lou lived.

It was sad indeed when dear Miss Lou was called to her heavenly home, leaving Miss Amy alone in the house. Now she must go to spend the nights with her married sister on the next street. She always carried a lighted lantern through the dark alley.

This sister was a good friend of a dear old lady close to us. Girlhood memories recall her coming to spend the afternoon, with her hair done so queerly, all augmented as it was with braids that didn't match. She carried her "finger" work in a little black basket with a lid and two handles. Often she brought a book to read aloud, and together they enjoyed "Timothy's Quest." It was entertaining, yet perhaps better attention would have been assured if a few front teeth hadn't jiggled so as the reading proceeded.

Sometimes in passing Miss Amy's house one would notice a shutter cracked open. Perchance it would open wider, and there was Miss Amy's face peering out, and asking one please to mail



Miss Amy in Her Doorway



Miss Amy and her married sister



Miss Amy and Miss Lou, gifted musicians of yesteryear

a letter. Two or three ginger nuts or part of a paper of pins would be handed out with the letter. (Shades of Scottish forbears!)

One day the married sister met with a tragic accident with her gas stove, being terribly burned. Miss Amy exclaimed, "Now Sister will be disfigured for life!" She was past eighty then. Mercifully, she lived only a short time, and now Miss Amy was all alone. No relative nearer than Cousin Charles, in Ohio. A faithful colored servant looked after her needs, and the neighbors were always kind and solicitous. Realizing that she, too, would one day be called home, she began to designate where her cherished possessions should go. Her beloved piano was to be given to the Primary Department of the Sunday School, where Miss Amy had been accompanist as far back as many could remember. The rocking chair that John Henry Boner had sat in was for one friend; the sofa, this clock, and that cake plate were for others.

Cousin Charles came from Ohio to attend her funeral, as she had requested, and to receive what she had bequeathed him and other distant relatives. He had barrels of old letters, invitations and programs to sort over; letters from former pupils of Salem Female Academy, begging Miss Lou and Miss Amy to spend part of their vacation with them; telling them how they missed their music, and thanking them for their kindnesses in school. A friend writing of them says: "These old letters show that for generations this was a talented, affectionate, refined and religious family, and we shall never have another Miss Amy."

Recalling memories of the "dear sisters" is like finding pressed flowers in an old album, whose faint perfume stirs affectionate musings.

M. B. O.



THE BANK BUILDING

THE BRICK BUILDING STANDING ON THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF South Main and Bank streets gave the name to Bank Street.

This is not the first building, however, to occupy this site.

In the year 1783, John Rights, the first hatter of Salem, obtained permission to move his hat making establishment from the "skin house" across the street where the Belo Home now stands. Church authorities permitted him to build a house for his dwelling and hat shop.

Some years later the hatter moved to a new location, and the house was taken over by the church to serve as a home for widows. The widows' house was removed in 1847 to make way for the bank building.

From the beginning Salem prospered. There was extensive trade backed by a wide variety of industries. Financial affairs were largely managed by the church administration.

When the church yielded its control to private enterprises, the need for a banking institution was apparent.

The leading financier of the community seemed to be Israel G. Lash. Tradition says that he used to lend money privately before, during and after his connection with the Bank of Cape Fear.

In 1804, the Bank of Cape Fear had been established, and Lash decided to operate a branch of this organization in Salem.

The cornerstone of the brick building to serve as Salem's bank was laid in 1847. Building was slow, and it was not used until two years later.

The bank was opened for business in 1849, and Lash conducted it as a branch of the Bank of Cape Fear until 1865. After the Civil War he established an independent bank called the First National Bank of Salem, which survived until 1879, when illness caused him to retire.

William A. Lemley served as cashier and treasurer of Lash's bank in Salem and later was identified with the Wachovia National Bank in Winston.

The old brick building still stands as a monument to recall what was once the financial center of Salem.

The iron doors of the old bank safe are now on the Clemmons vault in Salem Cemetery.

DOUGLAS L. RIGHTS



Confederate Money from the Bank of Salem



The brick building that housed Salem's first bank

MRS. HENRY T. BAHNSON'S HOUSE

IN THE QUIET SERENITY OF CHURCH STREET, IN OLD SALEM, ONE finds a welcome retreat from the rush and confusion of our busy world. Almost under the shadow of the old Moravian Church is situated the home of Mrs. Henry T. Bahnsen. When she came here as a bride in 1874 the house was already a landmark of earlier days as it was built in 1823 by Abraham Steiner. Later on he sold it to Dr. F. H. Shuman, a practicing physician and a lover of flowers. It is interesting to note that during Dr. Shuman's declining years he freed his slaves by sending them back to Liberia. He and his place are mentioned by the well known botanist, Rev. Lewis David von Schweinitz, in his "Flora Salemitana." From 1812 to 1821 Dr. von Schweinitz collected and named several thousand plant specimens found in and around Salem. These specimens are now preserved in the herbarium of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia and have proven to be of international interest to well known botanists, many of whom have visited Salem in order to learn more about them in their native surroundings.

Dr. and Mrs. Bahnsen succeeded Dr. Shuman as owners of the old house and as lovers of plants and flowers. They continued to develop and improve the charming garden which they found.

The house is built of hand-hewn timbers mortised and pinned, the walls filled in with brick and faced with clapboard. It is situated directly on the street. From the double porches in the back a vista of beauty extends for quite a distance down a gentle slope. Here the garden is laid out in terraced squares which contain a great variety of blossoms producing a continuous change of gorgeous color as the seasons come and go.

The flower garden is separated from the vegetable garden by a very fine old hedge of English box. The path leads on down through the squares of vegetables until the hill drops away abruptly to a glen fifty feet below. In this sheltered spot Dr. Bahnsen made a very picturesque pond from a small brook and throughout many years of successful practice of medicine and surgery, he



The Bahnson Lily Pond

kept this place of beauty as his principal hobby. Here grew numerous kinds of pond lilies, Egyptian lotus and the Victoria Regia. The last named, a tropical plant, had never before been grown in the United States outside a greenhouse. From a very small bulb it produced a leaf large and strong enough to hold a child of ten years seated upon it. A photograph of this unique scene may still be viewed in the Doctor's office.

Dr. Bahnson enjoyed hybridizing and produced a very beautiful pink water lily which he named "Nymphaea Odorata Caroliniana." On the steep hillside were planted mountain ash, white pine, mimosa and fruit trees. Terraced steps led down to the pond and on the side opposite the rolling woodland of Salem College afforded a fitting background. This small lily pond was indeed a sequestered spot of quiet beauty such as is seldom seen, and it was with a sense of regret that Dr. Bahnson finally had the water drained off when he could no longer give to it the time and attention which it deserved.

With the passing of the good Doctor, the home and the garden have not lost their atmosphere of peace, contentment and charm. Loving hands and a loving heart have continued to make them an even greater source of joy and inspiration to all who linger here. It may be truly said that this is the one garden of Old Salem which has remained untouched by the ravages of time but has instead acquired a hallowed beauty which seems almost a part of heaven itself.

LOUISE BAHNSON HAYWOOD.

"The garden that I love is full of Light,
It lies upon the sloping of a hill,
Where Dawn first stirs the curtains of the night,
And the breeze whispers when the Noon is still.

The garden that I love is full of Peace;
The voices of the vale are faint and far,
The busy murmurs of the highway cease,
And silently, at evening, comes the Star.

The garden that I love is full of Dreams;
Visions of joy gone by and bliss that waits,
Beyond the furthest verge of sunset gleams,
With the wide opening of the Golden Gates."

—Florence L. Henderson.



*Rear view of Mrs. H. T. Bahnsen's
House on Church Street*

THE JOHN D. SIEWERS HOUSE

IN 1841 JOHN D. SIEWERS TOOK OVER THE BUILDING LOT BELOW the tavern. He asked that it be enlarged westward in order that it give space enough for the carrying on of his trade as a cabinet maker, and for the storing of his lumber. In 1842 the lot was extended 60 feet back to the stream.

The Siewers brothers (John and Jacob) then built a new workshop, 30 feet by 40 feet and two stories high, on the back of the lot, and took the old shop for the storage of finished furniture and to lodge their apprentices. Many pieces of this beautiful handmade furniture are still treasured in homes of old Salem.

Later additions were made to the new workshop for residence purposes and now this building fronting on Walnut Street is used for a dwelling.

Having established his workshop, John Siewers made plans for a 1½ story brick house to be 30 feet by 40 feet, with a middle passage and four rooms. The plans were approved in February, 1844, and in November of the same year he took his bride to his new home. This house on the corner of Main and Walnut Streets has recently been restored.

GRACE L. SIEWERS





Siewers house built almost a century ago

THE BELO HOUSE

THOUGH ITS GREAT, DEEP AND STRONG FOUNDATIONS OF UNYIELDING stone were not laid in the earliest days of Salem's history, as was the case in many another surviving building, yet this fine, massive, and most impressive Belo House, is a noted landmark revered by every resident of the ancient town, and is an irresistible attraction to every visitor. Situated on a steep hillside of Main Street, it was, in its day, by all odds, the most pretentious and striking dwelling in the town, besides, having on the lower level, by far the largest and most important store room. Its immense size, its imposing front, its lofty and impressive Corinthian columns, and its delicate lace-like iron grill work, all attract the eye and fire the imagination. Likewise the broad steps on the south leading up to the dwelling entrance on a level with the second story, and the life-size and life-like animals that guard them from top to bottom, attract the eye, and the memory of them lives long within the mind and ever leaves a lasting picture there.

It was not until 1837, that the remarkable Edward Belo, capitalist, merchant, foundryman, cabinet maker, farmer and civic leader, received permission from the church to purchase his mother's home which stood on the lower part of the present Belo lot. He had married the beautiful and talented Carolina Amanda Fries whose father lived across the street, and wished to build a home for her. Later he purchased his brother's house directly on the north, thus acquiring sufficient room for all he wished to do, and then obtained permission to erect his building. Some thought his plan too pretentious and costly for a good Moravian, who was supposed to keep to plainness and moderation in every part of his life and conduct, and to live without show of any kind.

Having great skill as a worker in wood, Belo is said to have carved out with his pocket knife the patterns for the beautiful acanthus leaves, that grace the tops of the great columns, as well as for the lace-like iron grill work, using goods boxes for material, and to have cast them in his own foundry. But there was another interesting side to this remarkable man, of so many and so diver-



Belo House, the most imposing building in Salem. Once a private home, housing employees; now used for benevolent purposes

sified talents. He loved plants and flowers and was an expert gardener and florist who enjoyed working with his plants, exhibiting the results of his labors, and distributing them among his friends. On the higher, almost level ground, running back from the entrance to his home with appropriate landscaping, he laid out a wonderful flower garden which became one of the show places of the town. Here, too, were complete and magnificent green-houses and conservatories. Some of us still remember with astonishment and delight this beautiful spot and the alluring roses and other flowers which grew in such boundless profusion, filling the air with their spicy and fragrant breath.

If the bricks and timbers in the old house could speak to us to-day, what stirring stories of the past they could narrate. Some might be tragic, some sad, perhaps, but many would surely be bright and happy and some, even, grotesque and gay, fraught with a thousand memories of distant days that can come back no more, forever. Perhaps they would tell of the time when Edward Belo's family of attractive children, having grown into fine young manhood and womanhood, this home became the social centre of the town, and how, to the horror of some of the good Moravians, a report became current that the young people would meet in the great dining room and actually engage in the old square dances, for the waltz and later figures were then unknown. Some pious sisters having heard of this fearful, worldly pass-time, in deep concern and distress, went to the elders and demanded that something be done about it. A leading member of the board, also troubled at the report, felt however, that he should know the facts before passing judgment, and, with great hesitation, decided to find out for himself how bad was the situation. Secretly he entered the house and placed himself where he could see and not be seen. At the next meeting he declared that he was obliged to report to the other elders that the best and finest young people of the community were gathered together, that everything was quiet, orderly, respectable and in good taste and that he felt those boys and girls, thus engaged, were doing far better than if they were loafing on the streets or in the stores engaged in talking nonsense or gossiping about their neighbors, as did some who seemed to have more tongue than brains.

Certainly, if those steps could talk they could and would mention one incident of absorbing interest and great electric thrill. In 1861 Alfred Belo, oldest son of Edward, tall, graceful, talented, well educated and popular, heartily disapproved of war, as did the Moravians generally and was strongly opposed to secession. But, when North Carolina finally withdrew from the union, he immediately formed the first military company from this section and was chosen its captain before he was twenty-one years of age. On the day referred to, his company was starting away for the battle fields, and he was standing upon those stone steps at his home. About him were gathered his brave and stalwart soldiers and the people of the town. A beautiful, artistic, embroidered, Confederate flag, of finest softest silk, was floating over and about the gathered throng, kissed by every passing breeze. Beside the gallant captain, also stood his sister, Nellie, his cousins, Carrie and Mary Fries and Bettie and Laura Lemly, whose deft and skillful fingers had lovingly and reverently fashioned that perfect pennant floating there. The touching presentation speech was clothed in such eloquent and tender words, that tears filled the eyes of those assembled. A few moments later, at the square, good bishop Bahnsen, with fervent prayer and tender benediction, blessed and consecrated the going forth, and bade them farewell. On many a battle field this Salem flag in proud triumph waved, and the young captain, soon made a colonel, gained for himself undying name and fame.

Refusing to surrender at the close of the war he made his way to Texas, became owner of the greatest newspapers in the state, a millionaire, the confidential friend and advisor of Grover Cleveland, and a great power in both politics and finances. But he never ceased to love the city of his birth, the Moravian Church and the house in which he first saw light. Finally he purchased the interests of all the other heirs and presented the entire property to a corporation of ladies to be known as the "Belo Home of Salem" and to be always used for benevolent purposes. It was, indeed, a princely gift and serves its purpose well, filling a pressing need at this time, and promising much for future days.

W.M. A. BLAIR



A corner fireplace with mantel shelf



The century-old Home Church parsonage

THE BONER HOUSE

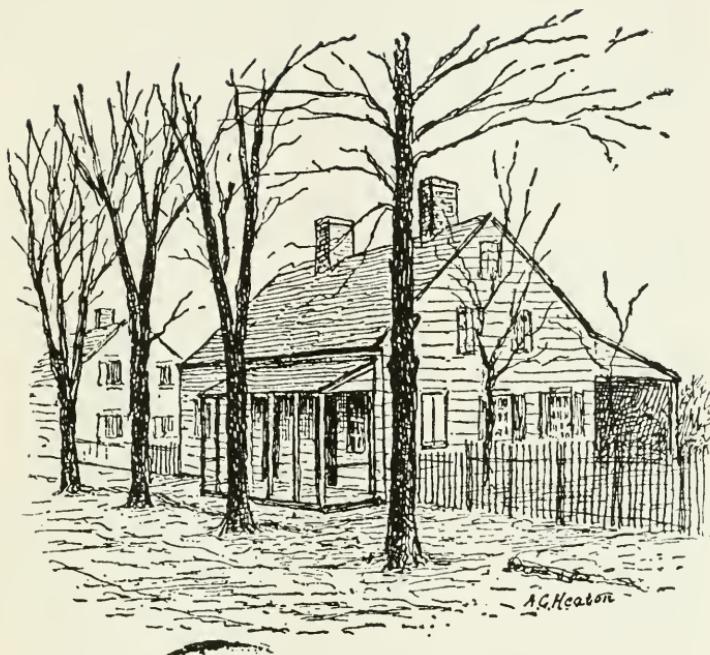
SOME BUILDINGS, WHEN THEY COME TO BE OCCUPIED AS DWELLINGS, cease to be mere structures of brick, wood and stone, and assume color and atmosphere from their occupants. In like proportion, the same buildings, when deprived of their occupants, lose their individuality as beloved homes, and become mere collections of deteriorating building materials—pitiful reminders of a dead and gone “past.” Such is the present condition of the rapidly disintegrating dwelling on South Liberty Street, known as the Old Boner House.

Not pretentious, but quite commodious, this dwelling was erected in 1787 by Martin Lick, a cabinet-maker and carpenter. It was well constructed, on heavy rock foundations, with brick filled walls, a basement and a cellar. Its “story and a half” included, in addition to the main living rooms, a kitchen and back porch, as well as a long shop room on the north side, which boasted its own front door made of diagonal boards meeting in a line up and down its center. The front door to the living portion, made on the same diagonal pattern, was divided into upper and lower sections. A front porch and a dormer window, added at different times, were not parts of the original structure.

We may imagine how much this new house must have meant to those first occupants, from the following terse item found in the official Diary:

“May 22, 1787. Martin Lick and his wife moved into their new house today, although neither doors nor windows have been placed.”

Martin Lick died about eight years later, and in the year 1795, Johann Leinbach, grandson of the original pioneer of that name, was married to Elisabeth Transu of Bethania, and brought his bride to this house. They were pious, industrious people, and here they made for themselves and their eight children a happy home. Johann had learned in the Brothers’ House the shoemaker’s trade, an important one in those pre-machine days, and probably in the shop on the north side he, his apprentices and journey-men



Birthplace of John Henry Boner—South Liberty Street

plied their trade. Later he purchased and operated below town a linseed oil mill, a saw mill and a cotton gin, and from his home he sold the products of these industries, as well as molasses, salt, etc. Thus originated the name, Salt Street, which was used until the latter part of the nineteenth century, when it was gradually changed to Liberty Street. In a little building behind his house he kept his oil, retailing it from an open barrel provided with a faucet. His little grandson, Edward, who later became the well known musician, often amusing himself by drawing oil into a cup and pouring it back into the barrel, on one occasion was unable to turn the faucet off. He was frightened and quickly ran away, leaving the oil running. When discovered, it had covered the floor to the depth of nearly a foot.

Johann Leinbach was a hunter of note, accustomed to rise about 3 or 4 o'clock a. m. He cooked his own breakfast, using a quaintly shaped little coffee pot with a very pointed lid, but lately destroyed by rust. On one occasion, as he was hunting deer northwest of town, he sat down to rest, saw a doe and took aim, the load passing through the head of the doe, and wounding the buck that just then ran up to such an extent that two deer were secured for the hunter with one shot—a notable event in those days of primitive fire arms. He was also very fond of playing chess, frequently continuing one game through several evenings. In the year 1838 Johann Leinbach died, and his widow moved from the house that had been their home for forty-three years.

It must have been very soon after this time that the property was acquired by Thomas Boner, who, with his auburn haired young bride, Phoebe Nading Boner, began the third housekeeping in this historic house. Thomas Boner plied his trade as a hatter in the above forementioned shop and in later years engaged in the mercantile business. His wife made their home comfortable and added the charm of flowering plants. On the south side of the house was her lovely flower garden and there, too, was the outdoor oven attached to the kitchen chimney. A fine vegetable garden sloped down toward the little stream, in the rear, and beyond was a well filled orchard. In this comfortable home were born three children. The death of the third, Mary Francisca, at the age of three, was a great grief to her parents. The two boys, Eugene

Alexander and John Henry, both displayed exceptional talent and brilliance as they reached maturity. Eugene was perhaps the more gifted, possessing both musical and literary ability to a marked degree. Unfortunately, however, he lacked the steady qualities necessary for the performance of work that is permanent, and in addition, became an early victim of a fatal disease. Both sons, after reaching manhood, resided almost entirely away from Salem. After their father's death, while their mother still resided in the old home, Eugene, with his family, lived for a time in the vacated shop and the room over it. John Henry, in the mean time, kept in touch with his home through occasional visits. Although not definitely known, it is supposed that during the very few years in which the Boner family lived and presided in the Salem Tavern, their Salt Street house was closed.

The property has changed hands many times, often being occupied by tenants, sometimes of doubtful quality, and the condition of the old house has gone from bad to worse.

Little need be added here, to the various articles that have appeared from time to time, in recognition of John Henry Boner as a man of letters; however it is gratifying to know that his longing for a final resting place in the old Salem Graveyard has been fully satisfied, and his affectionate regard for his old home and the tragedy of its pitiful decline are best expressed by himself. Surely the appeal contained in the following quotations is a challenge to create from the fragments of this once loved home a shrine befitting the memory of the "Sweet Singer," whose first inspiration was born within its walls.

Written on the back of an old photograph of the house were found these lines:

"In this house in Salem, N. C., I was born January 31st, 1845. In '46 we moved to the old Salem Tavern and about '49 back to this place. In this home I wrote my first poem and this house is the subject of 'Broken and Desolate.' J. H. B."

CORNELIA LAVINIA LEINBACH

BROKEN AND DESOLATE

There are some scenes that we should not
Revisit, though most dear they be—
Some things we nevermore should see—
Some places that should be forgot.

One such not long ago I went
To look upon in mournful mood,
Awhile about the place to brood—
The old home where my youth was spent.

My very footfall on the floor
Was unfamiliar. It did seem
To me like walking in a dream—
All sadly altered—home no more—
A shattered house—a fallen gate—
A missing tree—red barren clay
Where flowers once stood in bright array—
All changed—all broken—desolate.

But when I came to stand within
The room where summer moons had shed
Soft luster round my dreamland bed
When my young life was free from sin—

The room wherein ambrosial hours
Were spent in cool and blissful rest
While gleaming stars went down the West
And all the land was sweet with flowers—

I could no more—I pressed my face
Against the silent wall, then stole
Away in agony of soul,
Regretting I had seen the place.





The John Henry Boner House Today

THE JOHN HENRY LEINBACH HOUSE

THE LEINBACH HOUSE, NOW NUMBERED 508, ON SOUTH MAIN Street was built in 1823, and in that same year the owner, John Henry Leinbach, moved into it with his bride. He and his wife lived there during their entire married life; their six children were born and grew up in this house. John Henry Leinbach was the master shoemaker for the community. His shop was in his home, and the floor of the room which was then his work-room still shows the hollows worn by the feet of those who worked at the benches. Usually he had one or two apprentices learning the trade under him, who shared the home with his children.

After his death the home place became the property of his youngest son, Henry, who passed his entire life of ninety-three years there, with the exception of a few months spent elsewhere in learning the photographer's art. The place now belongs jointly to his son, Dr. R. F. Leinbach of Charlotte, and his daughter, Mrs. Lucy Leinbach Wenhold, who makes her home there. There are in it treasured objects which date back to its earliest occupancy, and some pieces of furniture that were put into the house when it was built. These are mute evidence of the continuity of the life and family ownership which have distinguished the house for a hundred and eighteen years.

LUCY LEINBACH WENHOLD



The John Henry Leinbach House—508 South Main Street

MUSICIAN'S HOUSE

THE HOME OF EDWARD LEINBACH, THE MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER, is the first house in Salem built back from the street. All the earlier buildings faced directly on the sidewalk, and when Mr. Leinbach purchased his large lot on the "old muster ground," at the edge of town in 1855, the church fathers waited upon him, and said he must build his house on the extreme corner, flush with the street. The lot measured one hundred eight feet front, by three hundred back, and cost eighty-one dollars and thirty-eight cents.

The purchaser seems to have had his way, for the lovely old home stands well back from the street, among its trees and shrubbery.

Today few people ever heard of the "old muster ground," and now the residence is in the heart of town.



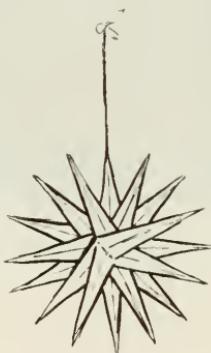


The Edward Leinbach House—235 South Church Street

HOME OF THE CHRISTMAS STAR

SINCE IT "TAKES A HEAP OF LIVING TO MAKE A HOUSE A HOME," this residence is indeed just that. The late James T. Leinbach took his young bride to his new home "Oak Cottage" in 1859. In a few brief years he was left a widower, and then his brother's family joined him in the home. Here were births, baptisms, marriages, and funerals. During the long span of "Uncle James'" life—he lived to be eighty-four—many happy family gatherings were enjoyed, especially on his birthdays.

His brother Julius was the originator of the Christmas star, used in the church decoration, and also later in homes and porches. Much painstaking and exacting ingenuity went into its construction, and the stars were in great demand. Length of days crowned this brother's life too, for his age was ninety-six years.





The Home of the Christmas Star

CHRISTMAS OF YESTERDAY AND DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY IN OLD SALEM

WHAT JOYOUS MEMORIES ARE STIRRED BY THE FRAGRANCE OF Christmas! The fragrance of Christmas—just what is the definition of that fragrance? To be sure the delightful odor of pine and cedar, and all the woodsy greenery of fern and moss; yet in old Salem, to this is added a composite essence of burning wax tapers and the alluring aroma of Moravian love feast coffee. Come with me to the Christmas Eve love feast for the little children, in the more than century old Home Church, and see for yourself.

After a week of busy preparation, the church doors are thrown wide in happy welcome to the expectant wee ones, and how wonderful a sight starts eyes and cheeks aglow. You would know by the very air and fragrance it is Christmas Eve, even though you were a blindfolded Rip Van Winkle. It has been the custom of Salem folk time out of mind to dress their church with beautiful elaboration at Christmastide, with a wealth of wreaths, festoons and arches, and a wonderful star, suspended from the center of the lofty ceiling, whence the festoons radiate. The star is of minute mechanism, with scores of separate rays, the whole illuminated by an electric bulb. That, however, was yesterday; day before yesterday, the star was lighted by a tiny cup of oil with a wick, suspended inside. Even more beautiful than the star is the splendid copy of Correggio's Nativity, painted in Saxony years and years ago. This has the place of honor on each succeeding Christmas, and illuminated from the rear, the rich blue of the Madonna's robe as well as the other splendid colorings so loved by the old masters, are wonderfully brought out.

But let us return to the love feast for children. On the day before yesterday it was called the "Little Wach," and was indeed a tender little service, as it is today. Then the littlest ones were carried in parents' arms, while those a little older came with their day school teachers, and occupied the front pews. To the tiny ones of that day, coming from homes of the utmost simplicity, what a wonder it all was! The sweet smelling church, the splendid,



Home Church Christmas Decoration

joyous music (which was never of the simple variety here); and the minister's story of the Baby Jesus, the angels, the shepherds, and the wise men. The narrative is punctuated by innocent prattle occasionally, but nobody minds, they are all happy together. Directly come the white aproned ladies with buns and that delicious coffee, whose aroma has already been enjoyed. Even the babies can have a little love feast coffee at Christmas! Sometimes the musical jingle of a teaspoon marks a pause in the singing, as a too-eager little hand reaches out. At last the grown-ups are singing the joyous chorale, composed by one of Salem's native musicians

"Christ the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born, oh, shout aloud,"

when the vestry doors open once more, upon a blaze of light, this time, for now they are bringing in the little hand-made wax tapers, all brightly burning, one for every child. Then the happy gathering disperses in the Christmas twilight, keeping the little light burning as long as mother deems safe. Today, it is no longer the "little" watch, except in the size of the children, for the service has grown to be one of the largest and most distinctively enjoyable of the entire year. Taken compositely it is a happy intermingling of fragrance, peace and good will, music of several varieties, lights and gladness.

One of the unique customs of the long ago in Salem has all but died out. This is the Christmas "Putz," or decoration in the homes. While Christmas trees and Christmas wreaths adorn thousands of homes today, the "putz" was of an entirely different character. On the day before yesterday it was arranged without a Christmas tree. A large table would perhaps be placed between two windows, and on this would be arranged a miniature landscape, with lakes and streamlets, picturesque worm fences, and woolly sheep dotting the hillside. Oh, yes, the children helped with the putz; they hunted the moss, and pine, and cedar, and red berries, and what fun it all was! Quaint little nosegays of box and scarlet berries and immortelles were pinned to the plain white window curtains, and with the yellow wax candles, which every house mother borrowed the moulds to make, the putz was complete.



Christmas putz showing the Nativity scene

Stockings were "hung by the chimney with care" then as to-day, though the sugar plums were far simpler than now. A few sticks of striped candy were a luxury to be had at only one shop in town, and with an apple or two, a bit of peach leather, a wax candle, and some Christmas cakes, the children were quite content.

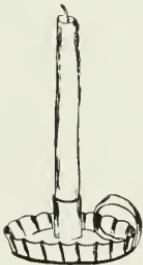
As the years passed, simplicity grew to elaboration, and the time came when a whole side of a room would be taken up with a putz. Now sometimes there would be two, or even three Christmas trees, with the most wonderful Lilliputian scenery at their base. Here would be mountainous eminences, whose frowning summits would be crowned with feudal castles; streams and fountains of real water, where toy ducks and fish disported themselves under the bridges. Almost always a mill, whose big wheel turned by an arrangement of sand or water, was an important part of the decoration; the dusty miller was sure to have leisure to stand in the doorway, while a boy on a mule with a bag of corn was just as surely to be seen approaching. Often in a miniature forest nestled a log cabin, whose colored occupant was engaged in the laundry business outside, the result of her labors already appearing upon the line. Perhaps in a corner to itself a snow scene might be depicted, with a high steepled little church, all snow laden, and the windows ruddy with lights inside. The scene of the Nativity was often wrought out in the putz, with the stable and manger bed, Mary and Joseph and the Babe, the wondering cattle, and the star sure to rest over all.

While some of the delightful old Christmas customs of Salem have passed with yesterday, one there is particularly pleasing, which obtains as of yore. This is "Christmas cake" baking. Oh, yes, there are cakes at Christmas time in every home, yet not "Christmas cakes." You must know these are baked at no other season, and the recipes for them are handed down in families for generations. Here is another of the fragrances of Christmas. Just open your neighbor's door some morning about the middle of December, and what a spicy whiff of deliciousness rushes to meet you. Surely Christmas is just around the corner, and if you are of the initiated, you will remember how mother used to allow you to stay home from school on this auspicious day. You haven't

forgotten, either, how ill you were for a while, after having taken charge of the scrapings of the cake bowl, and taking upon yourself the duty of disposing of all the legless ducks, the tailless foxes, and headless rabbits. The discomfort was soon forgotten, however, as a regular part of the proceedings, and you were happy again cutting out bears, birds, dolls and roosters from the soft brown dough. In the evening, when Mother was almost too tired to move, for often more than a bushel of the wafer-like cakes was made, you were sent with a plate of the most perfect little shapes to each house where you had borrowed cutters, for some of the other neighbors would be sure to send a borrowing in a day or two.

On yesterday and day before yesterday, when simpler pleasures obtained, were not the children happier? And when the celebration of Christmas centers in the church, and the spiritual significance is paramount, are not the joy and blessing of the season more deeply experienced?

M. B. O.



E A S T E R

THE STORY OF EASTER IN SALEM CENTERS AROUND THE OLD GRAY church, with its high peaked roof and hooded entrance, dating from 1800.

Of course Easter is prefaced by the season of Lent, which is observed by Moravians with no rigid sense of outward restrictions. Easter begins for them with Palm Sunday, the first of Passion Week, and before the morning service the trombone band announces the day with glad "Hosannas" from the roof of the church office, till the quiet Sabbath air seems "sprinkled with holy sounds." The interior beauty of the old church is enhanced by the presence of many stately palms, and the service is signalized with splendid music, including the Hosanna chorus, which has become a tradition in the congregation. In the evening is begun the reading of the Passion Week Manual, which is continued throughout the week. This is a compilation of the narrative of the Gospels, setting forth the last week of Christ's life before the crucifixion. The Manual is divided into the Acts of Sunday; the Acts of Monday, and on through each day, all in the exact words of Scripture. Often the reading is interspersed with a verse or two of some hymn, expressive of what has just been read, and the effect of the united singing produces a spiritual oneness of interest.

On Thursday afternoon two services are held, when the events leading up to the institution of the Lord's Supper are reviewed in a most solemn manner, and in the evening the Holy Communion is celebrated.

Good Friday is a day of utmost solemnity. In the morning service are read the Acts of Christ's trial before Pontius Pilate; in the afternoon the congregation re-assembles to review with deepest reverence the Acts of the Crucifixion. This is held at the exact hour that the Great Sacrifice took place, three o'clock, when "the sun was darkened," and "the veil of the temple was rent in twain in the midst." This is the most impressive hour of the entire week, and reverence lives in every pew of the old sanctuary. The western sunlight filters through the storied windows in subdued colorings.



*Bishop Edward Rondthaler, who, from
1877 to 1931, conducted the early service
on Easter Day in Old Salem*

Presently a soft minor melody floats from the organ loft, the depth and richness of the tones stirring ones sensibility to higher things, and seeming to lift one above the littleness of earth. Appealing, tender strains enfold the kneeling congregation during the silent prayer which closes the narration of our Lord's final anguish, and the yielding up of His Spirit. With profoundly stirred hearts the asembly joins in singing:

"O, head so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
Midst other sore abuses
Mocked with a crown of thorn;
O, head ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bowed and wounded,
Saluted be by me."

It is in a chastened mood that the people disperse from the dim old church into the glorious spring sunshine, realizing, perhaps, as never before

"That dear blood for sinners spilt
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, He bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God."

Of all the Easter observances the one oftenest misunderstood is the Great Sabbath love feast on Saturday afternoon. This, to Moravians, is second in solemnity only to the Holy Communion. It is a simple and very ancient service, having been handed down to the Brethren's Church from apostolic days, when the disciples broke bread together. It is largely a service of song, the music being a special feature. The "ode" that is sung on this occasion has three distinct thoughts expressed in the hymns: Worship and Fellowship; Rest in the Grave; and Remembrance of Those Gone Before. Touching and tender indeed is the sentiment, and those who "came to scoff remain to pray."

And now Easter Day is ushered in. There has been little sleep in Salem during the previous night. The whole city, by this time, is taxed to the limit with visitors, those arriving late with no reservations made, have spent the night in their cars, or in walking the streets. Shortly after midnight sweet, distant music seems to penetrate ones dreams; it comes nearer, and finally rouses one from slumber, when it is recognized as the trombone band, play-



Cedar Avenue beside the Moravian "God's Acre"

ing the fine old chorales of the church at the street corners, in the still darkness of the first hours of Easter Day. These are the same grand old strains that thrilled over the hills of central Europe more than two hundred years ago on Easter morning; and again announced the dawn of another Resurrection Day amid the wilds of the new world, doubtless arousing the Indians to awe and wonder.

It is an unforgettable experience to be awakened in the utter stillness of the night by this burst of joyous, inspiring, triumphant music. As one listens he is made to feel that verily "He hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son."

By five o'clock in the gray dawning a mighty concourse is assembled in front of the church. The bishop appears on the steps voicing the glorious announcement "The Lord is risen." The people respond, "The Lord is risen indeed." A reverent hush falls upon the gathering.

Throughout its gracious movement the service is impressively spiritual. The majestic hymn "Hail, All Hail, Victorious Lord and Saviour" is sung by the congregation with trombone accompaniment, after which the litany is read responsively. Then the assembly falls into line, four abreast, led by a division of the band and the church choir. The other division of the band is placed further back in the procession, and as the march proceeds up the narrow old street into the tree-shaded avenue leading to the graveyard, the musicians continue to play chorales antiphonally.

To be one of the thousands in that mighty stream of humanity is an experience never to be forgotten. It pours itself quietly and reverently through the green bordered, leaf shadowed walk in the increasing light, and within the arched gateway of God's Acre, as they love to call the burying ground. The stately music continues while the people are assembling in the many walks, beside those sleeping here for long, long years.

Although the throng numbers many thousands, there is no confusion, and not the slightest disorder. Everything is carried out with quiet and orderly precision. Loud speakers and a nation-wide hook-up detract in no way from the impressive reverence. When all are assembled, the litany is resumed, the Bishop's voice carry-



Moravian Graveyard

ing the beautiful words, which are really the Moravian confession of faith, far into the early hush of another blessed Easter Day. The sun comes up from behind the trees during the prayer that we be "kept in everlasting fellowship with those of our brothers and sisters, who, since last Easter Day, have entered into the joy of their Lord."

The impression is one that cannot be defined, here in the peculiarly beautiful, dew-besprinkled city of the dead. All the grassy mounds are of uniform size, with no imposing monuments, each grave marked with a simple, flat slab—all alike, for the rich and the poor, the learned and the lowly, one great family. Many of the headstones are so old as to be illegible, but those of more recent date have been scrubbed gleaming white, and loving hands have placed quantities of exquisite flowers on the graves, all dewy-sweet in the first faint glimmer of the Easter sunshine.

To those who have gone so far as to have lost sight of the deeper, spiritual significance of Easter, this unique observance of the blessed festival brings a solemn realization of its gracious meaning, and even the most worldly cannot but be touched with its distinctive beauty.

M. B. O.





Cedars bordering the avenue that leads to the Moravian graveyard. These valiant trees succumbed to the hand of time and have been replaced by laurel oaks.



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